

# The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

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Sketch by S. J. Woolf

**Lord Baden-Powell . . . . . Chief Scout of the World**

# Weeds That Stifle Progress

By Syd. J. Harbutt

Past President, Auckland, New Zealand, Rotary Club

**T**HE SOIL of the machine age was, and is, tremendously fertile industrially. Like wheat in the Valley of the Nile, enterprises planted in it have flourished to bless and enrich mankind. But where wheat prospers, weeds too may thrive. Into this black-rich soil, seeds of a destructive kind fell, germinated, and finally threatened to choke out useful and desirable growths. These were the weed-seeds of blind materialism.

We have only to glance backward to realize our direction of travel. In the beginning, industry thrived humbly in cottages. Capitalist, industrialist, laborer—these were not necessarily different people then, but often were merely names for different duties of one and the same person. The inventor or mechanic in his workshop found the capital he needed; and he either did the work personally, or closely supervised it.

Hands soiled with the actual labor of a task come to love it. In all these intimate contacts of our earlier industrial development lay—shall we say?—a soul for labor, a necessary spiritual quality in industry, the virtues of craftsmanship, even for capital. It is these contacts, I am afraid, that the weeds of the machine age tend to stifle and kill.

See what happens. Inventions, first in the textile and later in other industries, came too fast for the immediate inventor or entrepreneur to supply the capital for development. The capitalist as such, removed from immediate touch with the work performed, came into being. Was he deeply concerned with spiritual implications in the factory he financed? Rarely. Was there a fine personal relationship between him and those employed, or those to whom the produce was sold? Very often, no. Many a capitalist asked of industry only one question:

"Can you increase my wealth?" *yes and only*

Labor, too, grew away from its simple, direct contact with product and user, and became a commodity to be bargained for shrewdly. Unionists in the marketplace sternly demanded of industry:

"Wages—more and more wages!"

Too long capital and labor growled at one another

They flourish in the darkness that hides the laborer from the man he works for, the investor from those who manage industry.

like two dogs determined to have the same bone.

These facts suggest imperative questions. Can the machine age itself endure if it destroys essential spiritual values? I think the answer inevitably is no! But, then . . . can the machine age endure without destroying these values? I think it can.

**P**RINCIPLES that Rotary stands for can be, I believe, the weed-killers of our industrial age. From Rotary itself, not through any new discovery but by the reapplication of very ancient truth, may proceed the impulse that will eventually destroy that which threatens world-wide destruction. The Fourth Object of Rotary, without the international reference, reads:

*The advancement of understanding (and) goodwill . . . through a fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of Service.*

In your own profession or business, Rotarians, have you not discovered a new significance since joining Rotary? Have you not found in it, perhaps, your way of being of service? I think that experience is very common. And I suggest that if the ideals of Rotary can influence profoundly each of us, they can equally help those with whom we come in contact; and I suggest that we have a responsibility for carrying the torch to them.

I mean, of course, those people toiling at our machines and ledgers. Helpers at our elbows. I mean those to whom we, and perhaps we alone, can bring relief from manifold fears of unemployment, of exploitation, of all the evils of greed. Goodwill toward them. Better understanding of all their problems. Deeper sympathy. Let the impulse come *from us* . . .

The trials through which the world is passing are a refiner's fire, clearing away the dross, leaving the true—the spiritual. Upon every Rotarian rests the responsibility of carrying to his nearest fellowmen the high ideals of Rotary. Each tiny weed-patch of misunderstanding knocked down by his hoe, is another battle won in the world-wide war against materialism.



# An 'Adventure in Friendship'



Illustrations by  
Raeburn Van Buren

*"Only once did I see an American father reprove Junior. It was in a Piccadilly book-shop where an American boy was stalking about..."*

## I Like Americans

By Thomas Burke

Author, "Limehouse Nights," etc.

**T**HE AMERICAN stood in my entrance hall. "Good morning. You don't know me, but like yourself I'm interested in the out-of-the-way nooks of London. You know all about them and it'd give me a real pleasure if we could have a little talk. My name's —, and I'm from New Jersey. If I'm disturbing you, throw me out."

I asked him in. Within a few seconds he had settled himself to his satisfaction, and before he left, three hours later, he had made himself one more of my American friends.

That quick contact could hardly happen with two Englishmen who had not been introduced, and perhaps the reason why I, an Englishman, who have

Wherein an Englishman tells why he finds it 'easy to get on with' all varieties of Yankee visitors —all except The American Boy.

never visited the United States, yet have more American friends than English friends, is because Americans of all classes are "easy to get on with."

Shy as I am with English strangers, I am never shy or reticent with Americans. They won't let you be. You don't, when meeting them, have to go through that slow ritual called "breaking the ice." They haven't any ice with them.

You don't find them fencing with you to discover whether you are the kind of man they ought to know, whether you went to the same kind of school and talk the same language. They don't wear armor.



They take you at once into the current of honest intercourse.

They are, perhaps, the only people with whom you can safely be yourself. They are not bewildered nor embarrassed by your departure from standards. They seem to take character and oddity as it comes. They don't consider whether you are *their* kind of person, answering their pre-conceived plan of a person; they are interested in you for what you are.

Even when receiving them as strangers in your home, you don't have to make the efforts—often strenuous efforts—to entertain them that have to be made for European strangers. The more casual you are, the more you treat them with the social liberties you take with old friends, the more they seem to like it. *They* do the entertaining, and often, as with the New Jersey man, I find myself within a few minutes forgetting that we have only just met, and talking in full confidence.

I cannot do that with those of my own country. The Englishman's manner doesn't invite it, and he would be perturbed if he received it. He wants to know you *before* he knows you. He has as much social charm as the American, and as much geniality of soul, but it comes more slowly to the surface. The American's approach conveys at once that he is truly pleased by the opportunity of knowing you; the Englishman's approach, dressed with all courtesy, suggests that he *may* be pleased to know you after he has put the rule over you.

I am speaking, of course, of Americans in England.

*"From the many Americans of all kinds whom I have met in London, I have built a very pleasant conception of the American people . . ."*

I have not seen them in their own country, and there they may be different. But from the many Americans of all kinds whom I have met in London, I have built a very pleasant conception of American life and the American people; so pleasant that I hope it is a passable image of the reality.

**T**HE Englishman abroad is regarded in most countries somewhat icily, and certainly he seldom gives any idea of his true self or of the true quality of England and English life. But if the American abroad is typical of Americans at home and of American life generally, then a more delightful people and a more agreeable life could not be found.

It is a pity that so many American novelists, like so many English novelists, particularly of the realist



kind, offer the world such caricatures of their country and countrymen. I have met in American novels scores of unpleasant Americans, and I do not doubt that they exist. But I am sure they are not the typical Americans they are made out to be, and I know that none of them has intruded upon me thus far.

Americans have, of course, their little snobberies, as every race has, but they are more adroit in concealing them or more brazen in disclosing them than other people. The Englishman's snobbery is seldom disclosed, but it is implicit in all his attitudes and tones. The American's snobbery is either imperceptible or so instantly and honestly disclosed that no resentment or embarrassment is caused to anybody.

My American visitors have come from all parts of the Union, and have been of all types. Boys, girls, women young and old, men young and old; rich and poor. Some from New England; some from the South; some from the Middle-West; some from the Far West; and one or two from New York's East Side. Among them have been authors, editors, publishers, professors, film-directors, engineers, "school-marms," an idle millionaire or so, girls of the *Social Register*, girls from Fifth Avenue stores, actors, newspaper-women, women running their own businesses, and women running nothing but their husbands—a job they run with unusual efficiency to judge from the sad looks of the husband. And all of them (with, perhaps, one exception, which I will mention later), I have found delightful.

**T**HE American small girl is a type apart, unlike any other small girl. She has not the "winsomeness" of the English small girl, but she has a piquancy and a young-adult gravity which is equally pleasing. I have heard her spoken of as sophisticated, but she is nothing so childish as that. Sophisticated people are merely people of arrested development, who are so stupid that they gobble up experience without allowing any time for digesting it, and thus become permanently dazed and go about with the glassy stare of the glutton. The little American girls I have met are certainly not dazed and are seldom bored. They bring an alert intelligence and a questing mind to all experience, even repeated

experience, and one can talk sensibly with them.

Indeed, the American girl of all ages I have always found delightful. She has a "something" which is lacking in her English cousin. Her intelligence is wider in scope and swifter in operation, and in the purely feminine departments of life she now leads the world. Certainly she leads it in *chic*. This elusive quality was once the monopoly of the Parisienne. For beauty, for dress, for *bien soignée*, and for charm, the American woman is the model. If today in the Paris streets or restaurants you see a beautifully-gowned woman wearing her clothes with the poise of a queen of legend, and winning attention by her elegance and piquancy, you may safely bet that she is American. The well-to-do American woman of today combines in herself the quintessence of the feminine charms of all Europe, salted tastily and carefully with her native humor and ease.

The American dowager I could almost fall in love with, and I imagine that many youths in their twenties do. Most women around the age of sixty acquire a certain charm, even those who never had it at any other age; but the American woman of that age has a peculiar charm. She is never faded; she carries no aroma of lavender and old lace. She seems to have a rebirth into a silver brilliance. She does not sit and look on, and deliver the wisdom of age from a corner. She is "in" everything, and gives the impression that at sixty a woman begins to have the time of her life. There is nothing false or hectic about her activity and enjoyment; no strain to keep up with youth or preserve the young mind. Descendant, perhaps, of a line of pioneers, she is naturally active at sixty, and her vitality is the mellow, gracious vitality of a climacteric, and not a forced copy of the electric vitality of twenty.

From many American magazines and novels, and all films, one gets the idea that American women, particularly American women in business, are hard-boiled. I have met one or two of that kind, but they are not, in my experience, general. Forty-eight out of fifty American women known to me, including some actresses and newspaper-women, I have found gentle and kind and keenly alive to the comic. (Your hard-boiled type scarcely ever has a sense of humor.) They have been women of quick, but soft movements; soft voices; engaging frankness; and plenty

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**N**EXT MONTH William Lyon Phelps, American Rotarian, will "reply" to Author Burke with *Why I Like the British* . . . Both articles continue the *Adventures in Friendship*, a series of stories suggesting how Rotary's Fourth Object—international goodwill and understanding—can be advanced through simple, commonsensical human contacts.

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of feminine charm without any recourse to *using* their feminine charm.

I remember clearly all the American women-journalists who have visited me. Being interviewed is always something of an ordeal, but the American woman reduces it to a minimum. Too often the interviewer stares at you and asks a question. If you have nothing to say on that question, the interviewer stares at you again while trying to think of another question. But the American woman comes in with a reg'lar-feller air, makes herself comfortable, and then tells you just what you gotta say. This makes it easy for both of you, and when she has settled what you're gonna say, which takes about two minutes, the interview is over, and you give each other the low-down on life. And when she goes away you feel you'd like to see her again. Of course, she meant you to feel like that; most girls do, but the American girl has the art (or the naturalness; I'm not sure which) that insures that very comfortable feeling.

I have often been told that Americans, men and women, with all their charm are insincere. That all their genial interest and cordial good-feelings are superficial only; part of a social trick. It may be so in many cases, but here again I have not experienced it among the Americans I have met in London and Paris. The majority of those who first visited me years ago, and rather embarrassed me with their excess of warmth (which, as an Englishman, I could not believe meant anything) are friends of mine this day. One of them, an American business woman in Paris, and the most beautiful woman I know, approached me as a stranger, and has remained a constant friend, fulfilling for eight years all claims of friendship more attentively than any of my English acquaintance.

Generalizations are dangerous, but I feel tempted to make one and to say that Americans, so far from being shallow and insincere, have a genius for friendship. Three Americans whom I have not met—they have never visited Europe—have been letter-friends of mine for the last six years, and most active in their friendship. It seems that once you make a friend of an American you may ask anything you will, for these letter-friends are constantly sending me little gifts from America or doing little services for me over there.

One American trait that I find very pleasant is that if an American finds you interesting, or likes you for yourself, he tells you so. At first this made me uneasy, but I got used to it and now I like it. It makes everything clean and wholesome. You know just where you are. With an Englishman, even a friend, you seldom know where you are. You will have to gather by stray hints from his attitude whether he likes you or [Continued on page 52]



*"If today in the Paris streets or restaurants you see a beautifully-gowned woman wearing her clothes with the poise of a queen of legend, you may safely bet she is American."*



# Is Your Town A Success? •

By  
**Earnest Elmo Calkins**

**I**N MY OLD second reader was a bit of philosophy entitled "Five Peas in a Pod." The five peas lived in the pod. It was their world. The pod was green, hence the world was green. The peas ripened in the sun, and the pod turned yellow. "The whole world is turning yellow," cried the peas. That is what is meant by environment. We are affected by what comes closest to us, and we see all the rest of the universe through the medium of our surroundings.

This is your city. Here is where you live, have your home, your job, all those contacts and surroundings which make up what we call life. It is your little world, standing between you and the big world, unconsciously influencing you, having its way with you, irrevocably determining whether you will be happy or not.



The environment is composed of two elements, one tangible, one intangible: the physical and the social. The physical environment is your house, its furniture, grounds, garden, garage, the street in front of the house, the trees in the street, and so on down town to the city itself, its public buildings, parks, stores, and houses. The social environment is the people, your friends, acquaintances, employer and employees, the policeman, postman, bus conductor—all the human beings with whom you come in contact from day to day.

All plans looking toward making your community a better place in which to live come back to these two first things—physical background (the scenery, that is), and social environment (the cast of characters). When each of these is as good as it might



be, the scenery kempt and ordered and sightly, the people busy and interested and happy, you have the ideal community. To make it an ideal community should be the constant and unswerving endeavor of every citizen, for upon such betterment depends not only material prosperity, but also individual happiness, which is a far greater thing. Prosperity is of little use unless it brings happiness. The only purpose of prosperity is to afford the means of living. If the living it affords is ugly and disturbing, then the city is a failure, and life in it is a failure, for a community is nothing more than a device to enable people to live together comfortably and happily.

The point is that there is no reason why any of us should fold his hands and put up with unsatisfactory conditions. The power of even a small minority which is earnest and organized is amazing. Look at the veterans with their bonus bill, at Townsend with his old-age-security plan. Neither of these movements represents the will of the whole people. They are minorities, but they are in earnest, they are organized, and they impose their will on us who

do nothing. If any group in your community believes its town can be made a better place in which to live—and there are few communities which cannot be improved—and will act accordingly, miracles may be performed, particularly if that group is one as well organized and influential and in touch with local conditions as is Rotary.

This is a favorable time to inaugurate such an endeavor. When business is good, and everybody is busy making money, there is little time and not much inclination to spare for those less material but far more lasting satisfactions. In prosperous times cities make mistakes. They are greedy for growth, new industries, bigger payrolls, larger bank balances; and these are desirable things, but they are by no means all. If they throw the community out of balance, make it merely an industrial city,

destroy living conditions, it is prosperity dearly bought. It is quite all right to boost your own town, but all things desirable should be boosted equally. Many worth while public works have come out of the depression. We all have had more time to think.

An industrial town is a serious problem in any case. Much thought and care are needed to keep it from becoming a dreadful place. Who of us cannot recall, as we have driven about the country, desolate wildernesses of sprawling factories and rusting castings through which we pick our way breathing the silent prayer, "Thank God, I don't have to live here!" Agricultural communities have this advantage, that they are more sightly. Apparently

farm towns can go longer in a depression without exhibiting scars and rags than factory towns. But this is an industrial age, and factories are necessities, but they must be



Photomontage  
by Underwood  
& Underwood;  
John Paul  
Pennybaker



dovetailed into the community pattern without destroying the quality of livableness. Every town should have a plan for welcoming prosperity-bringing industries, receiving them hospitably, but zoning them strictly.

And so we picture you, a group of business men in your city, any city, realizing that here you must live, move and have your being, raise your family, enjoy your social life, find your happiness, aware that the place has shortcomings and disadvantages which should be corrected or removed—what are you going to do about it? The first thing is to make a list, a program, what the diplomatists call "agenda." The best method to get a fair picture of the community is to set down both the vices and the virtues of your town.

When a business man wants to know how his business stands he makes an inventory. He sets down assets in one column and liabilities in the other, and strikes a balance. It will encourage you thus to learn what you already have in the way of advantages, to compare them with the disadvantages; to realize that while you have no community center,

there is a good park; that while there are too many slum blocks, the library is excellent; that though the business center is unsightly, the school buildings not of the latest type, a community chest lacking, and good lectures and musical entertainments infrequent, the town has a first rate water supply, a good town hall, a sanitary sewage system, an honest city government, and a free kindergarten.

**D**O NOT make the mistake, however, of thinking a good feature cancels a bad one, that if the board of health is efficient, you do not need a boys' club; that if you have a playground you can get along without a little theatre; that a municipal garbage incinerator atones for badly paved streets. The idea of the balance sheet is not to make you complacent, but to visualize what you have to start with, and what must be done to turn all the liabilities (or as many as possible) into assets.

It is a great help to get all such things down in black and white and look them squarely in the face. It should be a lot of fun to collect the data, make a sort of field day of it, and set everybody to work, a game of municipal "I spy." Bankers, garage mechanics, and policemen should be enlisted, as well as teachers, social workers, and ministers. The school-children especially and emphatically should take part. They are the future citizens of your city. In this work they will be studying civics and sociology in the most practical way, than which there are no more vital subjects before the next generation. If you have the right kind of newspapers, progressive, friendly to the best interests of the town (and if not, then newspapers should be listed among the

liabilities) they can be able assistants in the search, keeping up the interest, and tabulating the results.

A daily department in two parallel columns listing the town's physical and social assets and liabilities—similar to the annual statements published by banks and insurance companies—would be a feature of surpassing interest to every member of the community. Each day fresh items would be added to one or the other of the two columns. The hunt for these items would become a popular and fascinating sport. A small reward of some kind, a card or certificate, might be given for each new one turned in, and in the end some more substantial gift or present to the one holding the most cards or certificates. Each member of the community will be asking himself, "What has my town got that is good?" and "What does it lack that it should have?"

Such a questionnaire would result in permanent good. It would give to each a personal interest in his community, and a knowledge of its resources and shortcomings which could hardly be had in any other way. And that, of course, is important. Actual participation in an evaluative survey of one's own community not only will acquaint a person with its social debits and credits, but will also provide a realistic understanding of problems that confront its improvement. As a preparation for this work, one would do well to do some reading on the subject.

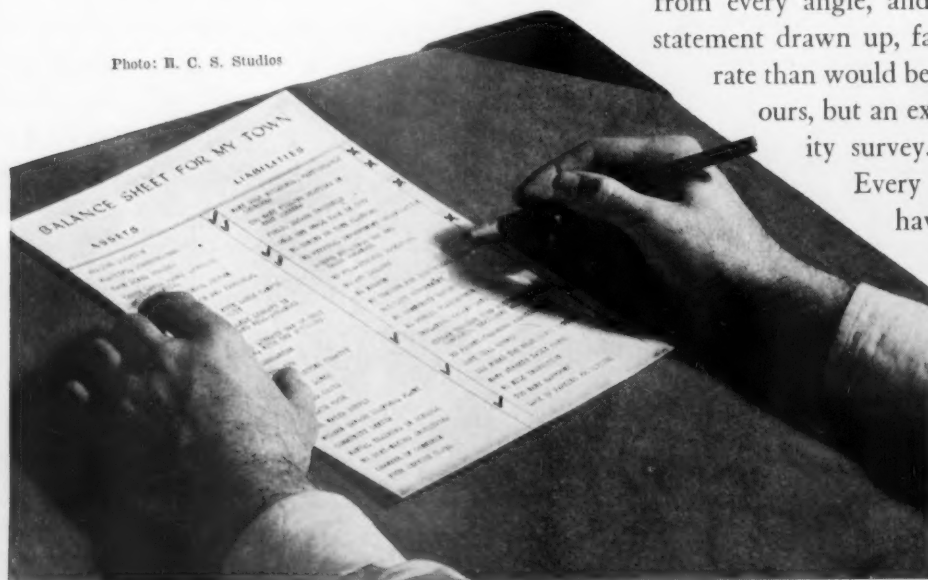
There is a book called *Middletown*, by Robert and Helen Lynd, in which is described such an appraisal made on a large scale by the authors. A typical town in the middle west was chosen (*Middletown* is a fictitious name) and the town studied from every angle, and a careful and documented statement drawn up, far more complete and elaborate than would be needed for such a purpose as ours, but an excellent guide for a community survey. It is an interesting book.

Every Rotary club library should have a copy. In it you will find an ideal program for just such an inspiring movement as is here suggested.

When the survey is completed and every good point of the town set down, as well as everything that may, might,

[Continued on page 55]

Photo: H. C. S. Studios





*Opening the Debate-of-the-Month*

# The Everlasting Woman Question

By Stephen Leacock

**I** UNDERSTAND that a great poet called Goethe—a German, I gather—once spoke of the “everlasting woman” as leading us upward. In other words Goethe was prepared to put woman on a pedestal, clothe her with a set of wings, and worship her. I’ve often heard lots of people, quite apart from Goethe, refer to “everlasting women”: I heard a man the other day say in reference to his wife’s mother that if that everlasting woman was coming to the picnic he wasn’t.

But this article, I give warning at the outset, is written in very different terms from Goethe’s idea. The general notion is that women really don’t amount to much; that we had them pretty well in their place till about fifty years ago; but that nowadays they have broken loose and are overwhelming us. Now I want to say straight out and quite frankly that this article is written only for men, just for us to read over by ourselves. Any man who takes it home and lets his wife see it will deserve all he gets. But if by accident it does happen that she sees it, then, of course, the wise man will say that it is utterly mistaken; he may even pretend that it is written for fun.

It is amazing how little women counted in the history of the world till quite recent times, in fact till the last fifty years. It is true that Eve, the first woman, cut quite a figure. But that was partly because she was the first woman and also because Adam, from all accounts, makes such a poor showing beside her. Adam seems to have been a very dull-looking man, not really educated and hardly what one would call a gentleman. He was worth about thirty cents an hour out of doors, or might have done fairly well in a grist mill.

But Eve was quite different, a really brilliant creature who could have gone out anywhere. We



Illustrations  
by Stuart Hay

are told that in the garden of Eden Eve and Adam named the animals together, and we can still easily recognize the ones named by Adam, such as hog, wolf, and dog, and the ones that Eve named such as ornithorhynchus, antelope, and lepidoptera. But Eve started the “sex appeal” stuff too soon, got put out of the garden, and that was practically the end of woman for centuries and centuries.

You simply never hear of them. All the world knows who Noah was, but who ever hears about Mrs. Noah? Probably she was just a good matronly woman who showed people 'round the ark when it was building and said, “Now, this is an idea of Mr. Noah, for a ventilating fan in the elephant’s room,” and “Here’s a thing my husband is installing to give us hot water at night.” In other words, just a comfortable ordinary woman devoted to her husband and the three boys. The Noah girls we never

hear of. Then there was Methuselah. He lived to be 1,000 years old and was a widower for 900 years: it never bothered him at all.

In the same way at Greece and at Rome, the women were nothing. Who, for example, were Mrs. Leonidas and Mrs. Demosthenes? There was, as every one knows, a Mrs. Socrates, an "awful woman" born two thousand years out of her time. But I think someone threw her into a pond. So at Rome, were there three or four Miss Ciceros (the "Cicero girls" so to speak)? There was, one admits, a Mrs. Julius Caesar, spoken of as "Caesar's wife" and said to be "above suspicion." This phrase sounds pretty uninteresting: she could never have gone very far.

At Carthage there was a Miss Dido, a temperamental girl, who went crazy over Aeneas, an Italian tourist, just as girls do still. But she was the first and last woman in Carthaginian history. Perhaps there was later on at Carthage a Mrs. Hannibal, and perhaps the other women used to ask her, "What news are you getting from General Hannibal?" But we never hear of her.

Women dropped out for centuries and then re-

silly over women, the same collective malady which has overwhelmed them today. They dressed themselves up in silly little trunk hose, and doublets that made them look like radishes stuck in Christmas firecrackers. They serenaded their ladies' windows with silly music and looney songs, swore impossible vows, and went on fool pilgrimages. Just in time there came the invention of gunpowder and of real warfare that blew the Middle Ages out of existence.

**T**HE great ages that follow knew nothing of women. There was, of course, Queen Elizabeth, a psychological freak, what the biologists, but not the "boys" call a "sport." There was Queen Isabella, but she was only one half of Ferdinand-and-Isabella. There was no Mrs. Christopher Columbus, no Mrs. Galileo and no Mrs. Oliver Cromwell that anyone ever heard of. Women stayed at home, mixed up cordials, told fibs, darned hose and other things.

On these terms the world went along from generation to generation and on the whole did well. It was what we call progress. All this lasted till about fifty years ago, till the time which even in North America we begin to call the Victorian Age.

Notice where women were then. They had no votes, no seats on anything or in anything, no clubs: they didn't go to college, and they didn't go into business. They didn't earn any money. Each of them was just somebody's daughter and somebody's sister, then somebody's wife, then somebody's mother and she ended up, much respected, as the grandmother of her grandson. In return for this position women were acknowledged to be "angels," "fairies," "saints,"—anything

that doesn't carry a salary with it. And the great poet, Walter Scott, most likely hit it off to a semicolon, when he wrote,

*Oh woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please:  
When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou!*

Of course the thing, from our point of view, as men, was just a cinch, [Continued on page 56]

*"Golf used to be played by rugged  
Scotsmen on wind swept dunes..."*



appeared in the Middle Ages. Here is the first time when they began to make a hit, began to get really dangerous. This was in the days of the feudal castles (otherwise called the "fuddle" system, when heavy drinking first began). And here in the castles were courtiers and knights and pages and minstrels and troubadours, and ladies all flowing in silk—and nobody with anything much to do.

The men began to show the first signs of going



*"It is a whole lot easier than going out and catching a dinosaur for yourself."*

Illustrations by  
Henrietta McCaig Starrett

## These Men!

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

**I** SUPPOSE that I am replying to Dr. Leacock's assertions about my sex, instead of its being the other way around, because he realized in advance that woman always had the last word. This being one of the immutable facts of nature with the accent on the mute, he knew he'd be that way the moment I got started.

To begin with, then, the only reason Goethe or anybody else ever put woman on a pedestal was to get rid of her. So long as men kept their woman-kind up there, she was out of the way; they knew just where she was and they were free to go places and do things. And at that, the pedestal wasn't such a bad spot. At least it didn't involve any harder work than keeping one's balance and that was a lot less effort than a girl's getting up early enough to cook a man's breakfast before going to the office, running the household after getting home at night, and managing to cope with the fact that she's making more money than he is.

Yes, the pedestal was pretty "swell," and we women would still be on it except for one reason. We didn't jump down just for exercise, we weren't shoved off and we hated giving it up. We were

And here is what Mrs. Putnam has to say about Dr. Leacock's remarks and, indeed, the whole 'everlasting' subject of women.

forced off by the only thing which always scares a woman—a mouse; in this case the mouse of economic necessity which started gnawing at our sugar pedestal, and got us to tearing wildly around the place yelling our respective heads off.

In the old days, it was the male custom, no matter what went wrong, to blame it on the woman. But since she got off her pedestal and went to work, men can't just blame it on her; they have to *prove* it on her, they've discovered sadly.

As a matter of fact, women have been the injured parties right along, starting with Eve. I am glad to note that Dr. Leacock doesn't over-rate Adam, but on the other hand, it really should be pointed out that Adam finally got a job and sort of pulled himself together. For a long while he just lay around the garden doing absolutely *nothing*, the loafer! And he'd almost forgotten about his wife.

Poor Eve didn't have a *thing* to wear, and never went to a picture show or had the least bit of fun. Things might have gone on like that indefinitely except for the fact that one day a Snake came along



in a big Packard car and a raccoon coat and Eve went out with him—nothing wrong, of course—they just had a few “shots” of applejack, and if Eve drew a new set of fig-leaves out of the jaunt, well after all a girl can’t go on *indefinitely* wearing the same old ones! And although Adam was plenty sore, it was just what he needed to roust him out of that lazy spot he was in and make him get some regular he-work to do.

The evidence points to the fact that he made a pretty good provider, including providing a couple

their superiority when it doesn’t involve too much effort on their part, and any woman can twist any man around her finger by saying, “Oh, George, *do* explain the European political situation to me!” Of course she knows as much about it as he does, but once she’s got him talking, she’s free to think about her spring wardrobe, the baby’s cold, how to strike the boss for a raise, and to make a mental note to have the back hall repapered. Just as long as she says, “Indeed?” in an interested tone every now and then, he will be perfectly happy and will invariably drone on contentedly for hours.

We women have never ruled men by the so-called sex appeal. The appeal we have ruled them by is an appeal to their vanity, and from the day when Mr. Cave-Man, the first hyphenated name on record, brought home a pair of dead dinosaurs and his *frau* clapped her hands in admiration exclaiming, “Oh George, you’re *so strong!*” this self same sentence has been working magic for us girls. It is a whole lot easier than going out and catching a dinosaur for yourself.

As a matter of plain untouched-up truth, it’s the men who have ruled *us* through sex appeal. Do you think for one moment that we would have stood for all their nonsense if it hadn’t been for all their other kind of nonsense? Oh well, perhaps, we’d better not go into that . . .

But think of the great women of history. For instance Cleopatra, the second woman on record to fall for a snake. A great executive, a good business woman, and frightfully well dressed, what there was of it! And yet she let the boys from Rome keep her up late nights and put crooked business deals over on her just because she liked the exotic way they tied their neckties and the masterful way they ordered about the head waiter.

I’ve often wondered where Queen Isabella got those jewels she “hocked” for the boy friend, Christopher Columbus, without her husband putting up a kick—but maybe that’s catty of me. At any rate Chris wouldn’t have made the big jump without her, and while I’m glad he discovered America because I like it, still and all I hold it against Isabella for letting the world know how resourceful we can be when we want to. If only she had lain low, we might [Continued on page 57]



*"The average girl golfer has thrown away the kilt itself . . ."*

of sons, all thanks to being jealous of that gigolo of a snake that came and entertained his wife.

Of course, I don’t say that we women are any better than men, I only say that up to fifty years ago we were a darned sight smarter than they were. We had them completely fooled into thinking we were weak, helpless, and incompetent and the poor “goofs” not only fell for it; they ate it up. Personally, I would like to spank the girl who first gave the show away. But the damage has been done, the men have found out we are capable, and they won’t let us quit. However, they still like to prove

# Hit With Your Hands

By **Gene Sarazen**

*Former British and American  
Open Champion*

**I** READ once that a man who was a candidate for the presidency of the United States said, "I'd rather be right than president."

But a man can be president and right also. Some years ago—not too many because I am still a member of the coming generation—I dropped into the White House to see President Calvin Coolidge.

"Mr. President," I said to him, "why have you never played golf?"

I was about to follow this up with all the arguments I knew about the advantages and pleasures of the game when he interrupted me—

"Oh, I am too young for golf; that is an old man's game."

Calvin Coolidge was right—then. Or rather, there was a time, perhaps a few years before the time of my visit to the White House, when golf *was* an old man's game. But golf has changed and times have changed since then. Today, golf is a young man's game; or better, it is an *all*-man's game.

In the time of which Calvin Coolidge spoke, most of the members of golf clubs were men past middle age. Many of the really good amateurs were well along in life. And many of the older professionals were still at the top of the heap in competitive play. Golf had been started by the "old men," it seemed, and it still bore the imprint of its origin.

Since then the pace has changed. Golf was a leisurely game, played as a diversion. Today, certainly so far as the competitive side is concerned, it is a fast-moving contest which demands the best of physical condition and the zip and zest and keenness of youth to win. And this changed condition has

become part of the golf of private clubs. Golfers play to win—as they should.

But don't let me give you the idea that golf has become a game for young men only. There is so much more to golf than its competitive side. Although I am still in competition, and hope to be for many years, I think I can realize that golf means even more to the "old men" than it does to the youths.

Golf is the young man's plaything; it is the old man's darling. The young man is enamored of the game he shoots; the old man is in love with the game itself. The youth is interested only in his own game, his own shots, his own scores; the old man is interested in your game and my shots and everybody else's scores.

You can realize this best in a locker room. Try to tell the details of your game to some of the younger men and see how little interest they have in them—how they seize the first opportunity to say:

"Yes, but you should have seen how I played the twelfth hole; I hooked my tee shot into the rough behind some trees and then I played the most beautiful hook with a Number Two iron to within two feet of the pin. And—"

But the old men are not like that. They listen patiently and even interestedly to you. Your troubles are their troubles, your problems their problems, your golf sorrows good cause for their tears. They have been through the vale of disappointment, have been lost in the woods of frustration; and when you dub a shot or miss a putt they suffer by remembrance of countless similar experiences of their own.

To turn for a mo-

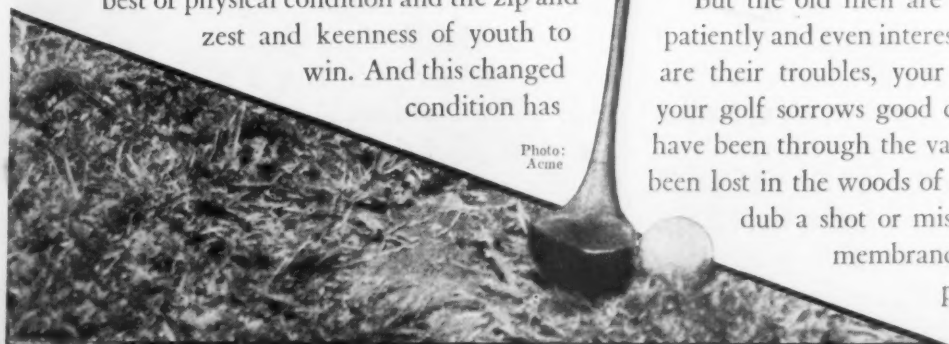


Photo:  
Acme

ment to the professionals, look at Tommy Armour, Walter Hagen, and Jock Hutchison. Age has mellowed them so that they have become sympathetic. Take your troubles to them and they will listen attentively, will feel your every heartache and sincerely tell you how you can avoid your mistakes in the future. Every professional in the game knows that if he wants a shoulder to weep on he has but to seek out Tommy, Walter, or Jock.

**T**HE young man is never satisfied with his game. Nine-tenths of the questions asked me in my public demonstrations are by these dissatisfied young golfers. This is the way it should be with youth. They are always trying to find out something new. If they are dubs they want to become only near-dubs; if they are near-dubs they want to get into Class B; and if they are in Class B they will not rest content until they have scaled the walls of Class A.

If they hit a ball 200 yards they want 210, or 220, or 230. And when they are hitting 230 they want to "drive the ball a mile." Bobby Jones was never satisfied with his golf game; and no more am I.

But golf is an all-man's game, as I said. Particularly, it is a game to intrigue the minds of business men, of business executives. There is an obvious parallel between golf and business. Each sets up a problem which must be considered and mastered by methodical, logical, and informed thinking.

A business executive, standing on a tee, is faced by a task which reminds him immediately of a similar situation in business as he sits at his desk. Strategy, judgment, information, and experience, a measure of inborn capacity to handle the situation—all will be necessary if he is to play good golf.

He must know how to plan the play from tee to hole. He must know how to swing the club and hit the ball. He must know where to place his tee shot so that his second shot will be easier. He must know the character of the land. He must know what lies ahead. He must know how strong a shot to make to the green. If he is in a trap he must use judgment to try just enough and not too much to win. And, finally, he must know his competitor, his opponent, his capacities, and his product.

Is there anything I can tell you here which will help your game? Well, I don't know, but I'll try. When I am giving public demonstrations and spectators ask me why they commit certain widely prevalent faults, I say, "I'll have to see your swing first."

I cannot "see your swing first" here but I can tell you of a few very important fundamentals of the game, and you may use them to check up on yourself.

First—and most important—are the hands. The hands and the grip. I do not think golf is taught right. Not enough attention is paid to the grip. You cannot play good golf if your grip is wrong. Most of the bad golf is the result of faulty grips. Hooking, slicing, shanking, the inability to get the ball up off the ground, the lack of distance, poor direction, weak putting—all these may be traced to the hands.

You golfers spend too much time worrying about what you are doing with your feet and your legs and your hips and your shoulders. Get the right grip, see that your hands move in the groove, use your



*Gene Sarazen has had many opportunities to flash this smile of victory since he gave up caddying for professional golf.*

hands in the shot and you'll find yourself playing good golf.

I often hear people say that they cannot play good golf—that they are just not "cut out" for golf. That is nonsense. There is no reason why anyone in normal physical condition should not play good golf. Bad golf is the result of bad teaching and bad habits.

But back to the hands. When my hands are working right, when I am conscious that they are working right,





I am playing good golf. When they are not working I am playing bad golf. Take your club back with the hands. Start your club down with the hands. Hit with the hands. And check up on the position of your hands at the finish. The hands lead and all the rest of the body follows. Do not get anything ahead of the hands. The hands are the general of the golf shot.

The grip is a very simple matter, really. The left hand should be on top of the club, so that three knuckles are in your view as you address the ball. In this position the line between the thumb and the first finger will be directed toward your right shoulder.

The right hand should be placed neither under nor on top of the club shaft, but so the line between the thumb and first finger also points toward the right shoulder. The little finger of the right hand should overlap the index finger of the left hand. I do not recommend the Sarazen grip, which engages the little finger of the right hand and the first finger of the left hand, for the average player. I find it good because my hands are small and my fingers are short.

Starting from this grip check up on the direction of your hit. If you are hooking, your right hand is probably too far under the clubshaft. If you slice, your right hand may be too much on top. Shift your hands and try again. If you are shanking, or if you find it hard to get the ball up off the ground quickly, or if you are smothering the ball, your basic fault is probably a bad position of the right hand.

Of course, there may be other causes for these faults, and I could not know them unless I saw your swing. But faulty grip is the cause in most of the cases. Get your grip right, then move your hands in the groove, and you will correct most of your faults.

**T**HE best advice I can give you is to go out and see the really good players in action. Have you ever considered that when the good player goes wrong he goes wrong in just the same way that you do? He hooks or he slices, he shanks, he loses distance, he chips poorly or he putts badly.

And his cures are not some magic unknown to dub golfers. His only recourse is to get back to first principles, these first principles I have been explaining. He must check up on his grip, on the groove of his hands. Some fault in these two is closing his club face at the top of the swing, giving him a hook, or opening the clubface, giving him a slice. He may be so working his hands that the clubface is not taken back at right angles to the ball and does not come back at right angles, and thus he may be losing distance because he is not getting a firm, solid hit.

It can all be reduced to a matter of efficiency. If the efficiency of the golf machine—which is you—is high, your drives will have distance and will cost you little effort. On the other hand, if the machine is functioning badly because of your poor grip, poor timing, etc., your drives may barely get off the tee in spite of all the foot-pounds of energy you

spend in whipping the club-head against the ball. Your muscular sense will tell you when all your parts are working right. You'll "feel" like good golf. And when you do, you'll turn out a good product. This is all just common sense—and so is golf.

Golf is really very simple. There is no reason why you should not know as much about it as any of the greatest professionals.

*The author shooting out of a difficult sandtrap in a recent New York tournament*

Photos: Acme



# Boy Scouting Has a Birthday

**By Dan Beard**

*National Scout Commissioner*

*As Told to—and Sketches by—S. J. Woolf*

**I**T IS just thirty years ago since Billy Annis, who was advertising manager for *Recreation*, but who before that had worked as an office boy in my studio, came to me and asked me if I could get up some sort of a scheme that would interest boys and would pull them together.

I was fifty-five years old at the time and I had lived a full life in those fifty-five years. I was born in Cincinnati when it was a border town. My father and uncle were both artists. My grandfathers on both sides were seamen. One of my grandmothers was the first white woman to set foot on what later turned out to be Chicago, and I grew up with the legends of Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, and Davy Crockett as my earliest memories.

My family moved to Covington which, when the Civil War broke out, became an almost beleaguered town, and Morgan's raiders and Kirby Smith's troops fought for its possession. We boys played in what amounted to a sort of "No man's land."

I mention these things because all of them bear an important part in the development of an idea which resulted from the simple problem which Billy Annis asked me to solve. A man with a background such as mine, if he were observant at all, was bound to have a rich store of experiences from which to draw. I had heard my father tell of making his own paint brushes, grinding his own colors and preserving them in the bladders of fish which he himself had caught in Lake Erie.

After my graduation from Worrall's Academy in Covington, where I had taken high honors in civil engineering, I went to work for a firm of map makers. I travelled about the country and knew that part of it east of the Mississippi pretty well. Although I was a surveyor and engineer, I always was an artist. And I want to say that an artist is a



creator. Although he may be a dreamer in certain ways, in others he is a practical man. I was compelled to spend much time in comparatively uncivilized sections of the country. I sketched the trees, the plants, and the animals, and in addition learned some of the science of woodcraft. I knew how to tie knots and to make traps. I hiked, hunted, fished, and camped.

**I**N 1878, I went to New York to work with my brother who was also an artist and who drew temperance cartoons. That was my first vacation and I have been on that vacation ever since. One of the visitors at my brother's studio, which was on Fulton Street, was Alexander Drake. Drake was the art editor of *Scribner's Magazine* and an editor who was also a friend of many artists. One day he saw a drawing of a fish which I had made and bought it. When I received a seventy-five-dollar check for doing something which gave me fun to do, my future was forecast, I was through with maps forever.

I know people are more interested in Boy Scouts than they are in Dan Beard but unless Dan Beard had done the things I am telling you, the Scouts would be a different organization from what it is. In the twenty-seven years which elapsed between my going to New York and the day when Billy Annis asked my assistance, I had been the editor of a couple of papers, I had gotten out my *American*

*Boy's Handy Book* and I had illustrated numbers of books including some of Mark Twain's when they were first published.

It was all of these things and a host more that crowded through my brain that night after I had promised to get an idea for Annis. I did not sleep. Kit Carson riding through the West, Davy Crockett at the Alamo, and Daniel Boone with his buckskin clothes all passed before me. I thought of the struggles of the early settlers of our country; I remembered the stories that Grandfather Beard had told of his experiences, not only in this country but also in South America, and I felt once again the thrill which I had known as a boy at these tales of hardihood and adventure. I was certain that every red-blooded American boy would feel the same thrill if he could in some way be made to feel himself a part of the moving history of his own land.

The following morning I called Billy Annis to the editorial rooms. "Billy," I said to him, "I have an idea which will sweep the country," and I outlined to him my scheme of the Boy Pioneers, the Sons of Daniel Boone. I outlined the system of organization—a fort consisting of four stockades, each stockade made up of eight boys—an organization which has its counterpart in the troop and the patrol of the Boy Scouts. I suggested the uni-

form, a khaki cloth shirt and a fur cap which could be made out of a discarded muff or boa, and I held up my two fingers, the Indian sign for the wolf's ear, a sign now used by the Scout Cubs.

The idea caught on like wild fire. Forts and stockades began to be formed all through the country, and in 1907 I went down to Washington to see President Theodore Roosevelt in order to explain what we were doing. I had already interested John Burroughs, John Muir, Joachim Miller, and "Buffalo Bill" in the movement but I felt that more prominent men should know what we were doing. Theodore Roosevelt felt the same way. Not only did he offer some suggestions which we adopted, but through his influence, Secretary Taft, Admiral Dewey, and General Bell likewise became members of our board.

**N**OW in the meantime, while I was founding the Boy Pioneers, Ernest Thompson Seton was forming another organization for boys, Woodcraft Indians. Like the Pioneers they studied woodcraft and learned some of the things which prevented boys from becoming soft and which brought them into closer contact with nature. Seton and I conferred on our plans and one day Seton said to me, "Look out, Beard, or my Indians will kill all your Pioneers." But they did not.

I think it was in 1908 that Seton went to England and came back talking about the Boy Scouts over there. That organization had been founded by Baden-Powell, the well-known general in the Boer War, who had taken some of his ideas from other boy organizations. He acknowledged that indebtedness himself when he came to this country after the Boy Scouts of America was founded in 1910.

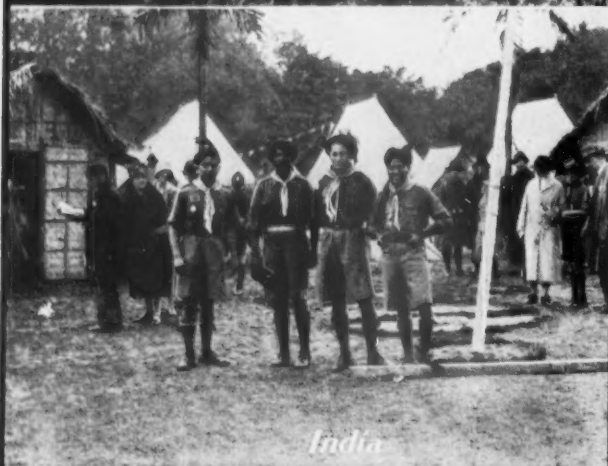
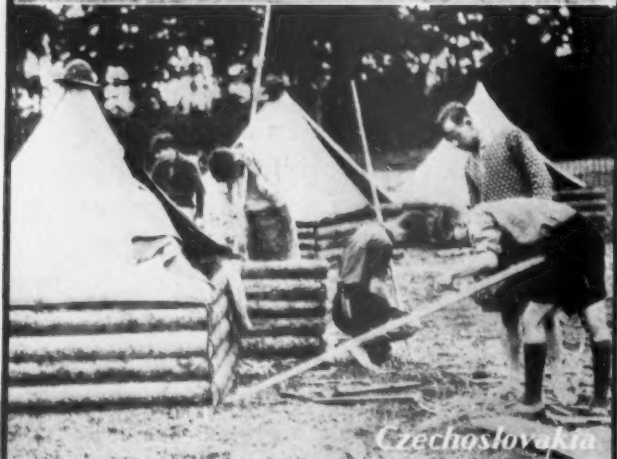
I should say that in reality three men were responsible for the origin of Scouting in America: Baden-Powell, who condensed ideas and introduced the principle of doing a good turn daily, Seton who brought in the Indian lore, which still forms a part of it, and lastly myself, who designed some of the badges, gave it my leadership, contributed literature, and introduced some of the various signs and symbols which are still employed.

Thus the three men, who had leading rôles in developing American Scouting, were artists, outdoor men, and naturalists. Three men who knew nature and loved it and felt that outdoor life made for good manhood and that without good manhood there



Ernest  
Thompson  
Seton



*Scotland**Japan**India**Czechoslovakia*

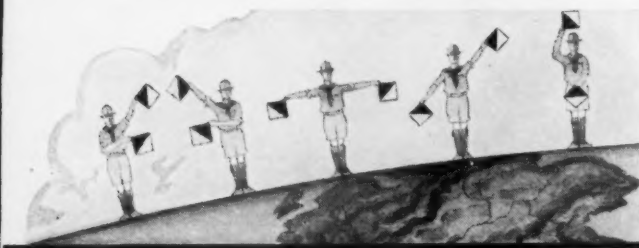
could not be good citizenship. Back of the entire movement was the feeling that by interesting the boys in healthful pleasures and sports, in teaching them that they help themselves by helping others, we prepare them to become better citizens.

Is it any wonder that Rotary clubs have always lent their assistance to the Boy Scouts? Is it surprising that Scouting, like Rotary, has spread throughout the civilized world? It was the same year that I first got the idea of the Boy Pioneers that the first American Rotary club was founded, so in a way their courses have lain parallel and Rotary has always aided the Boy Scouts. One stands for a world fellowship of service in business and the professions; the other for a fellowship of character development and eventual service in citizenship.

I remember going out to Kalamazoo, Michigan, to lecture for the Scouts before a meeting of the Rotary club in that city. The Scouts there were in a bad way and they needed money. I did not make an appeal for funds. I just told the members of the club something about the Scouts . . . how they were trained, how we developed the five senses, how we were helping to prepare the boys for citizenship. When I got through, there were twenty thousand dollars on the table subscribed by the Rotarians!

Scouting appeals to Rotarians because it, also, is not sectarian, secret, or political. Any boy can become a Scout without interfering with his particular religious beliefs. We sent our Scout laws to the dignitaries of all the churches and what we have left is what was not blue pencilled by them.

Scouting, like Rotary, is devoted to a program of international service. For the great National Jamboree at Washington, this month, invitations have been extended to the Scouts in all the countries in the world. At a great Jamboree last January in Australia, twenty-one countries were represented. Among those represented were Scouts from some of the countries which were opposed in the Great War. Two of those boys placed a wreath upon the memorial to their fallen enemies, expressing at the same time hopes for world friendship and peace.



The Boy Scouts, despite the drills, is not a military organization. In its own words, it is devoted to a program of service "to influence the civic temper, to develop the virile virtues in a nation that means to live at peace with all the world." Rotary has the same goal before it. As one of its members so tersely said, "Through international fellowship meetings, both Rotary and Scouting have applied new instrumentalities to the problems of establishing and maintaining international amity and goodwill among an ever-increasing number of men and boys of every faith, color, creed, and nationality over the world."

**T**ODAY we have two classes of minds. There is one crowd which strives to attract attention by loudly proclaiming they are materialists, and there is the other which believes in personal and civic righteousness. It has been men of the latter type who, in the past despite conquerors and persecution, have led the world; and the same will be true in the future.

I wonder how many people realize how important it is to set the young people on the right path these days when so many evidences of warped mentality abound. Political institutions are being attacked, art is almost childish and as sour as vinegar, and many magazines are filled with stuff that formerly could be written only in unmentionable places.

It is against these forces that the Scouts contend. Frontiers today are just as dangerous as they were in the old times and the skulking enemies are just as treacherous. It is even more true in 1935 than it was in 1910 that boys need the mark of heroism. And where is the boy who does not admire a hero—Boone, Pasteur, Faraday, Lindbergh? Scouting dramatizes, vitalizes, makes real for boys in their impressionable age those qualities which, to quote from the "Scout Law," make men trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent.

Knowing Rotary, knowing Scouting, having seen them grow side by side these past thirty years, I wonder not at all that so often around the world they work closely together.

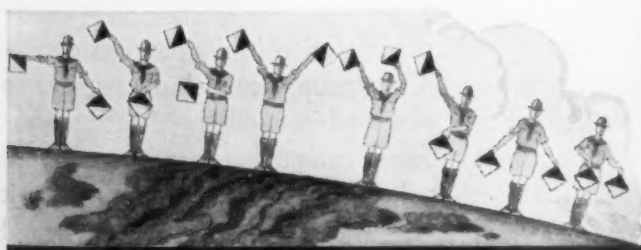




Photo: Underwood &amp; Underwood

## The Crime of Muddy River

By Elmer T. Peterson

Editor, "Better Homes and Gardens"

**T**OWERING clouds of fine dust swirling into the stratosphere to be borne eastward, even past the Allegheny mountains to New York and the Atlantic seaboard, coming the second year in succession, reminded Americans last spring that all is not well in the rich Mississippi Valley, that valley which reaches from Pennsylvania's western border to the top of the Great Divide in the Rockies.

There is much talk of wind erosion, and government funds were appropriated in an effort to stop the devastation. Many have warned that the high prairies are rapidly reverting to desert.

The dust storms have been spectacular, but they are really among the lesser evils of the process which is dispossessing the richest valley in the world—that of Old Man River—of an incalculably rich natural heritage.

There is another form of erosion—that caused by water. There is vast depletion of wild life. There is great need of forestation. There is imminent danger of destructive floods. Drouth is the primary cause of dust storms.

The purpose of this article is to furnish a few facts to show that these various forms of natural misfortune are very much bound together in a common

'Ol' Man River' dumps a cubic mile of incalculably rich soil in the Gulf every year . . . a waste that could be greatly cut down.

problem—that if the close relationship is not understood, the problem cannot be solved—that the solution of the problem depends largely upon what man does, rather than upon the caprice of nature.

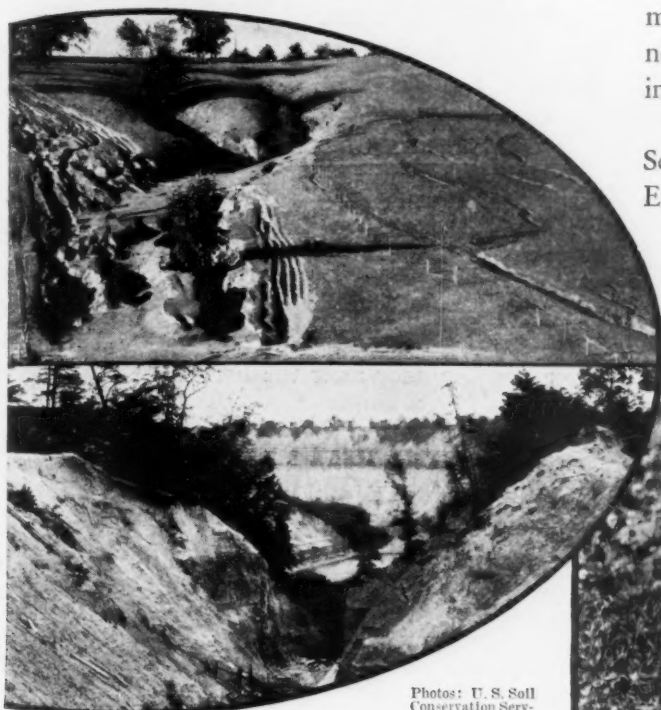
One important phase of this general problem is that the failure to recognize the intertwining relationship of the various divisions of the problem has caused one department of the government to work against another department, destroying or impairing work done by the other.

As this is written, it has been indicated that a considerable portion of the \$4,880,000,000 public works and relief appropriation will be devoted to erosion control, flood control, reforestation, and allied projects. It is, therefore, highly important that the American people understand the intertwining of the factors mentioned.

Examples of the confusion in the national picture are numerous. One group would drain swamps to get rid of mosquitoes, while another seeks to re-establish swamps to retard run-off water and restore wild life. Anti-erosionists try to keep rich silt where it is, while other engineers cut deeper channels and



*Rain not kept where it falls causes floods and ruins farms . . . makes cow trails into gullies. The deep arroyo (below) was a drainage ditch seventeen years ago.*



Photos: U. S. Soil Conservation Service and Acme.

erect higher levees to facilitate the dumping of the same silt in the Gulf of Mexico. One department would build occasional large dams, creating reservoirs in large rivers, while another points out that this brings about destruction of fish and other wild life because of a reversal of natural conditions.

One could go on indefinitely citing paradoxes and conflicts. However, more basic than these examples is the general problem. It has to do with five component problems and what may be done to coördinate the remedial work in solving each.

The five component problems are:

1. Floods;
2. Soil erosion by water;
3. Drouth and consequent wind erosion;
4. Deforestation;
5. The disappearance of wild animal life.

The general problem of conservation, as it touches each of these, will not be solved correctly unless it is generally realized that they are all one problem.

*The cycle of destruction continues—deforestation (right); shifting topsoil and dust storms (above); and the extinction of wild animal life.*

That one problem may be dramatized by a single primary and basic phenomenon, namely the muddy river. That includes the main stem, tributaries, and smaller capillaries of the circulatory system. The muddy river is a disgrace to civilization. It is a needless manifestation—a reflection upon our civic intelligence. It is a catastrophic crime.

"Of all national wealths," says the Science News Service, "probably the least regarded has been water. Except in arid regions, we have taken water as much for granted as we have taken air. This is especially unfortunate, for of all our national



wealths it is quite literally the most fluid circulating medium. When we waste it through floods or useless run-off from our fields, or debase it with sewage or industrial waste, or overconcentrate it in narrow channels and thereby cause erosion, we do more mischief to ourselves than by any possible maladministration of the monetary system or the industrial securities setup."

The basic consideration, then, is: *water*.

Water, when kept where it falls, does not accumulate in large moving volumes, fails to erode sloping soil, combats drouth, feeds a tree and vegetable mat which prevents wind erosion, and preserves wild animal life.

When allowed and encouraged to rush on down

the watersheds into the sea, water causes disastrous floods and washes away the fertile topsoil, thereby starving trees and crops, and depriving wild life of subsistence. Next, in the tragic sequence, come drouths and dust storms.

**T**HE old army-surgeon technique in so-called "flood control" programs was to cut, cut, cut. Call the flood menace a cancer—a pretty good metaphor because a cancer is a lot of good energy gone wrong. Cutting out a cancer may "cure" it but doesn't prevent its reappearance. Cutting deep, levee-bordered channels for flood waters is not a true preventive, and should not be called "control." It is equivalent to locking the door after the horse is stolen.

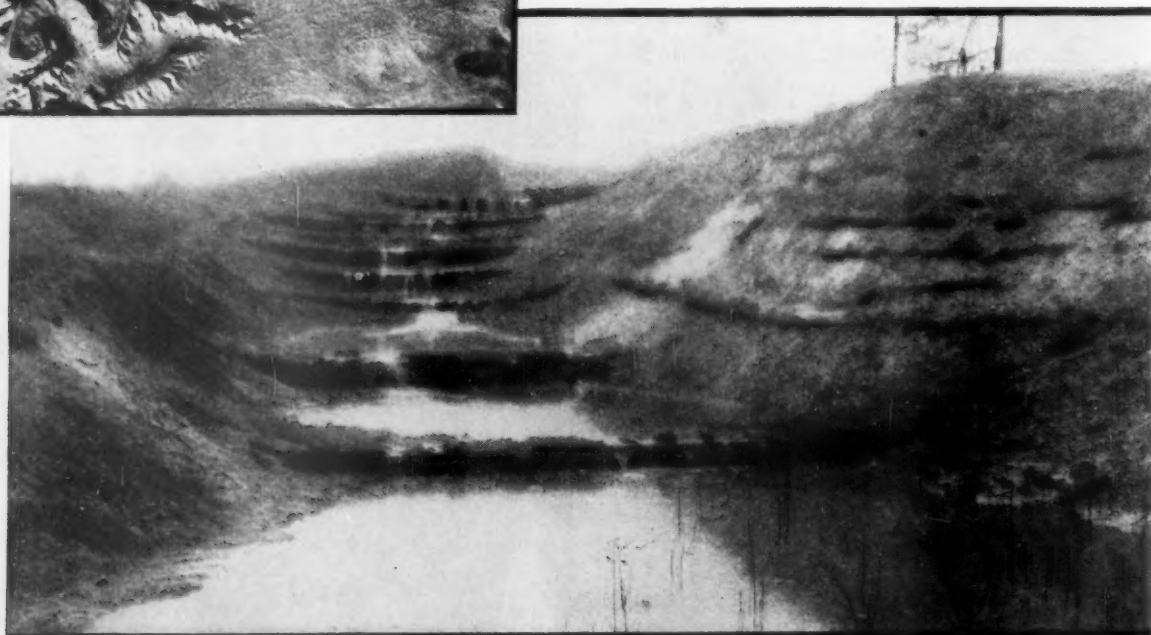
There is nothing new about the surgical method. It has been used along the Yellow River in China for forty centuries, and that is what makes the Yellow River yellow, to say nothing of the Yellow Sea. They are yellow because the primeval black topsoil was washed away in ancient times and the run-off since then has been eating on clay. Higher and higher levees did not help the Yellow River problem. They made the catastrophes only worse when they did come. In 1852, the Yellow River changed its course and entered the sea 300 miles north of the old mouth. In 1877, it broke its banks and one million people were drowned!

Not far from where I live in Iowa is a river that once meandered between [Continued on page 58]

*Eroded area in Arizona, as seen from an airplane at 4,000 feet. Below: Anchoring the good earth with inexpensive check-dams that restrain the rampant water.*



Photos: Acme;  
U. S. Soil  
Conservation  
Service.





*A not so wee cup o' cocoa—and these Australian lads are ready for strenuous play again. They are typical of the youngsters the "Good Companions" are helping.*

## Building Better Boyhood

By Angus Mitchell

*Immediate Past Governor, District Sixty-five (Australia)*

**E**ASTWARDS of where the Yarra River flows into Hobson's Bay, Port Melbourne, Australia, lies. A dingy place, the Port is, shadowed by tall sea-going ships. Barely three miles, as a bird flies, separate the Port from the pillared facades of Parliament House in the heart of the main city.

A very tattered, tiny scrap of humanity was having something to eat one evening at a blowout in the Scout Settlement on Nott Street in the Port. There were cakes and sweets.

Suddenly a grubby fist shot to a ragged pocket. A fist that had been full. It came out empty.

The motions were swift. Not swift enough, however, to escape a visitor who looked on.

"I say, chappie," the visitor exclaimed, "why are you storin' the goodies away? I mean, why not eat 'em? There's more."

Every big city of the world has under-privileged children without a fair chance to grow up. Here's what Melbourne is doing about it.

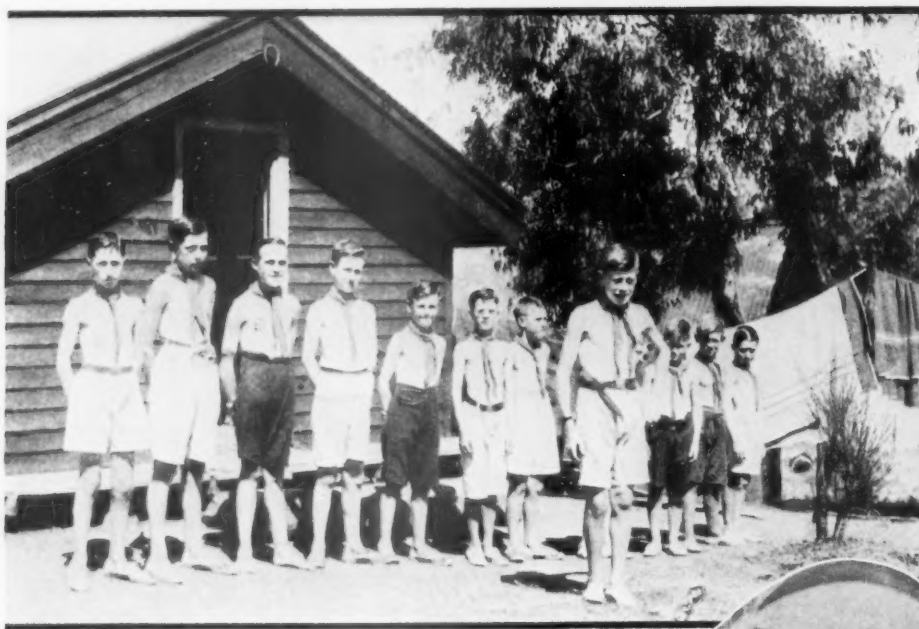
There was grime on the lad's face. Features pinched, arms skinny. Ten to one, a square meal did not happen in his home once a year. His world was confining, unhealthy. Wharves and factory walls were his "trees," pavements his "grass," smoke his "fresh air." But there was *man* in him. He answered straight:

"I want to take it to mother . . ."

Australians have been coming awake of late about boys. Awake to the fact that keeping those sparks of smudged manhood ablaze, is probably our greatest problem.

Over in Sydney, for example, under the leadership of President Sir George Julius, Rotarians nearly two years ago undertook a survey of boy employ-





*Ready for inspection at the Boy Scouts' training ground at Gilwell Park.*

*These boys quickly respond to camp therapy—sunshine, play, good food, and sleep.*



ment more thoroughgoing than anything undertaken by government or other agency. Its purpose was "to ascertain the causes, conditions, and possible solution of the problem of boy employment," and was based on the estimate that at least 40,000 boys in New South Wales alone had left school and were unable to find work, even as learners of any sort of skilled trade; also on the fact that the country was far from utilizing its natural resources completely.

Every member of the Sydney club took part in that survey. It sought to establish facts and to ascertain ways of relief.

**I**N Melbourne, the work I particularly want to tell about, while perhaps less ambitious, has gone direct to needy boys. It got its start at the Port.

Four years ago the idea occurred to Scoutmaster Graham Taylor. He knew Port Melbourne gamins from working with some of them in Scout troops. His own boyhood had been amazingly happy, care-free, and privileged, and he felt that he wanted to do what he could to help make theirs a little more that way. So he and a friend set to work with seven or eight helpers.

In February, 1932, they rented an old shop in Nott Street. Although their resources were limited, they fixed it up the best they could. Then they went out to the street corners and raked in a few scrawny, scared youngsters: fifteen were all they could muster the first night.

Good report of the club, however, grew. Today, the average nightly attendance is forty; and some-

times twice that many squeeze into the rooms. What do they do?

The rooms are open from 7:30 to 9:30 every evening. Boys of the neighborhood, from ages eight to fifteen, are invited to come. They have no restrictions. There are games. They are taught boxing and other sports. The library is generally packed with tousled heads poring over papers, books, magazines; and of late a lending library has been developed.

One fine thing cropped up locally. A young working carpenter, himself often unemployed, heard about Nott Street, and volunteered to give two nights a week to teaching carpentry to any who wanted to learn. At first he carried his own heavy kit of tools to classes, but now a Rotarian has supplied an adequate outfit. The carpenter teaches the boys to make useful things for their parents, or to sell. A couple of months before Christmas they ask for gifts of broken toys which they repair for children even less fortunate than themselves.

Every night the boys are given cocoa or coffee and a snack before going home. In some cases it is probably the biggest meal of the day.

Scoutmaster Taylor and his helpers induced some

of the older boys to take an interest in the management. These chaps look after the library, the Red Cross or first-aid section, and the preparation of the nightly meals; and together, they constitute a junior board of management. Their humor is forthright.

One night a lad whose suggestive nickname is "Basher," was in charge of first-aid. Many of the youngsters have no footwear, hence scratches, cuts, and bruises are common. But this time they seemed unusually healthy. I said:

"Basher, you don't seem to be very busy."

"No, Mr. Mitchell," said he, "what about you knocking some of the kids about so I will have a few jobs?"

Every boy who comes has a nickname, of course. Many are picturesque. For instance, there are "Blood" and "Skinny" and "Bug" and "Flea." The two last are brothers, and at one of the board meetings it

happened that a certain motion was moved by Bug and seconded by Flea. This brought forth the exclamation from another manager that he could not vote for

such a lousy motion. The remark was appreciated!

A number of Rotarians and others early gave the work their support. They have been called "Good Companions" and have semi-formal organization. Two of them are appointed to work closely with the staff. Naturally, they are often able to dig up things or pull strings that are beyond the resources of the boys or their leaders. They also provide occasional entertainments, and once-a-month picture shows, annual picnics, and the like. They coöperated in providing means to acquire ownership of the club's premises. Perhaps the high spot in their work is providing one-week holidays for as many of the boys as can go, at Gilwell Park, the training ground of the Boy Scouts Association. For most of those who do go, this is the first holiday of their lives.

**ONE** Good Companion was so much impressed with the work on his first visit, that he offered the use of a building which he owns in Albert Park, another section of the city, for the foundation of another club and an extension of the work. With the aid of Rotarians, this second club has become even larger than the first. It is hoped that as time goes on, the number of clubs [*Continued on page 61*]



*A cool drink from a fountain ingeniously made from a barrel and hose.*

*A tense moment in a ping-pong match at the settlement house in Port Melbourne. The visitor is Lord Somers, former governor of Victoria. Melbourne Rotarians are active in support of this and other boy projects.*



# **The ROTARIAN**

*Published Monthly by*

**ROTARY INTERNATIONAL**

35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

**T**HE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions; the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations; and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

## **Editorial Comment**

### **2085**

**I**F YOU should be motoring in California this summer and should see an automobile with a windshield sticker labelled "2085" you may be pretty sure that that car will not contribute to the deathly toll of highway victims. Draw closer, and you will observe these words beneath that number:

In the interest of the General Welfare; to protect and preserve Life; to promote Good Citizenship—*Earnest and Continuous Efforts* are being made to operate this Automobile in strict compliance with Motor Traffic Laws and Regulations.

The 2085 sticker grew out of some serious thinking done by Rotarians at Santa Ana. They were appalled by the fact that 36,000 human beings met untimely deaths in the United States in 1934, that 2,085 of them were Californians. Santa Ana Rotarians resolved to do something about it. Hence, the sticker.

Not much, perhaps you will say, merely printing a few high-sounding words to be displayed on the windshields of automobiles. But don't form a hasty judgment. Consider that the seventy-one members of the Santa Ana club have taken the "2085 pledge." Visualize how motorists and pedestrians, seeing the card, invariably will read it and, perchance, discuss it. Take into account the fact that several other communities are adopting the 2085 plan. Compute, if you can, what it would mean if it were to spread throughout California. And other states.

### **'Ladies Always Present ...'**

**O**NCE IN the proverbial long while, a service club will have a speaker who, using humor to set himself and audience at ease, defeats his ends by skating on the very thin ice of good taste. He knows his own level, but mistakes that of his listeners. To

post speakers on this point, the Rotary Club of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has hit upon a little custom of bringing to the attention of the prospective speaker a card bearing the following:

We welcome you as the distinguished guest who is to make the address of our meeting today.

Because speakers at times have inquired, we consider it courtesy to let you know our brief rule of good taste in the conduct of all Grand Rapids Rotary programs.

This rule is a great deal like the famous one of the Grid-iron Club at Washington, which humorously advises its speakers: "Ladies are always present. Reporters are never present."

In our case, both ladies and reporters are present always.

The men who attend service club luncheons enjoy a good story. They relish a sprig of wit in their after-luncheon diet. They are adults. By no span of the imagination can they be stamped "prudes," but they do have standards of taste. It is well expressed in the phrase, "ladies and reporters are present always."

### **The Ithaca Plan**

**V**ITALITY and common sense mark a growing effort within Rotary clubs in college communities to bring Rotary's International Service ideal "down from the skies." At Madison, Wisconsin, at Minneapolis, Minnesota, at Ithaca, New York, to name but three instances, Rotarians are creating opportunities for the overseas student to know local business and professional people, and to build up that understanding from which goodwill springs.

The "foreign student" is, at first, a curiosity; but very soon he is accepted. He then, often harrassed by inability to speak his adopted language easily, is prone to slip into the routines of the classroom and thus have few human contacts, save with professors and with classmates. This is not as it should be, for these young men and women are, for the



most part, a group individually selected because of their promise of leadership in industry, professions, or politics in their home land. They present a prime opportunity for a Rotary club in the community to do a constructive piece of International Service.

Ithaca does it this way: Fifteen overseas students are selected by the International Service Committee to be the "international guests" for the academic year. Each obligates himself to attend at least one Rotary meeting a month. He wears a distinctive badge, thus facilitating identification and acquaintance. He receives the club's weekly publication, and, so that he may understand Rotary's broader significance and world-wide scope, is entered as a subscriber to *THE ROTARIAN* for one year.

The specific "Rotary duty" of the international guest is to assist the club, especially the International Service Committee, in making contact with all out-of-the-country students in the community. The guests thus, in effect, act as a supplementary committee in extending Rotary's Fourth Object, especially on the campuses.

The Ithaca Plan works. Reports at the close of this, its first year, are gratifying. And not the least of the accruing benefits are the friendly ties established by correspondence with Rotary clubs in the homelands of the guests. Perhaps the Ithaca Plan can not be accepted as a cut-and-dried project for all Rotary clubs in college cities, but an adaptation of it might well be considered by Rotarians in a community having schools drawing students from other lands.

## Make No Little Plans

**T**HERE are many towns and cities that are ugly. There is no ugly town or city that could not be made a more attractive place if the people who live in it want it so keenly enough. If each mortal has but one life to live, then why should he be satisfied with environs that do not add to the satisfactions and pleasures of existence?

Some such philosophy is the underpinning for Earnest Elmo Calkins' article in this issue, no less than his "Give Your Town a Personality!" in the March number. It is platitudinous, but the sort of a platitude that should have emphasis through reiteration. Surely, it is in harmony with what generally is referred to in Rotary circles as Community Service.

Making your community a better place to live in is not a matter of a day. Nor is it a spontaneous activity, to be rushed today and forgotten tomorrow.

Rather, it comprehends a broad, intensive, continuous program encompassing, as Mr. Calkins makes abundantly clear, the whole cross-section of factors that make for the imponderables of happy living.

To sponsor a "clean backyard" contest, a boys' club, or a new library, is excellent, but not enough. Individuals intimately and sincerely concerned with Community Service need perspective and imagination. Their planning should be the expression of nothing less than the whole ideal. And for their motto they have these words of Daniel Burnham, to whom more than any other individual, Chicago is indebted for its planned beautification:

Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with evergrowing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty.

## Now, On to Venice

**E**VENTS follow fast on the heels of events in the Rotary calendar. Hardly is the great international convention over before eyes in many parts of the Rotary world will turn towards Venice, where the Third Regional Conference will convene, September 16-18. For months past, enthusiastic parties of Rotarians and their wives have been forming in various parts of Europe, Africa, and Asia Minor, to trek to the Queen of the Adriatic. Cruises are planned from northern ports to the very door-post, so to speak, of the convention hall.

And this place is worthy of more than passing note. It is the main hall of the Palaces of the Doges . . . Just that. Who, having read the history of the renaissance, or the *Merchant of Venice*, can fail to be thrilled by the fact that, in A.D. 1935, this historic building is to house a gathering of men whose conception of business methods is as far from those of an older day as Shylock's "pound of flesh" is from an enlightened code of ethics?

Rotarians from all parts of Europe, from Asia Minor, from Africa, are joining to make this conference an epochal gathering for the movement in this region. The program calls for discussion of a wide variety of problems bearing on the mission of Rotary in a world of change. And, of course, there will be ample opportunity for fellowship. Wearers of the clogged wheel peregrinating in Europe this September may be sure that a warm handclasp and a friendly good time will await them in Venice.

Photos: (right) Burton Holmes-Ewing Galloway; (below) L'Épi-Devolder.



*A typical genre painting (above) by Breughel, the elder, a sixteenth century master who is hailed by twentieth century modernists . . . Canal bridge at Bruges, a favorite scene with etchers.*



*(Left) Five historic buildings front this picturesque street in Ghent, a Belgian city thirteen centuries old.*



Photo:  
(Bottom left)  
Ewing  
Galloway.

*Lace-making goes on as a Belgian peasant craft as it has for centuries. . . . And linen-weaving is an important industry.*

*Antwerp is commercial. Traders of many nations use her as their European distributing center. Acres of oil products often cover her wharfs.*



## Belgium The

**B**ELGIUM is a land of industry and art. She mines and processes millions of tons of iron, zinc, coal, and lead each year. Her textile, chemical, glass, ceramic, and tool factories are large and active. Her population density is 686 persons per square mile, the highest on the Continent. Yet Belgium has work for almost all of her eight million people.

Cathedrals, churches, museums, and monuments make her cities venerable, mellow, and beautiful. Works of famous sculptors, painters, and architects abound.

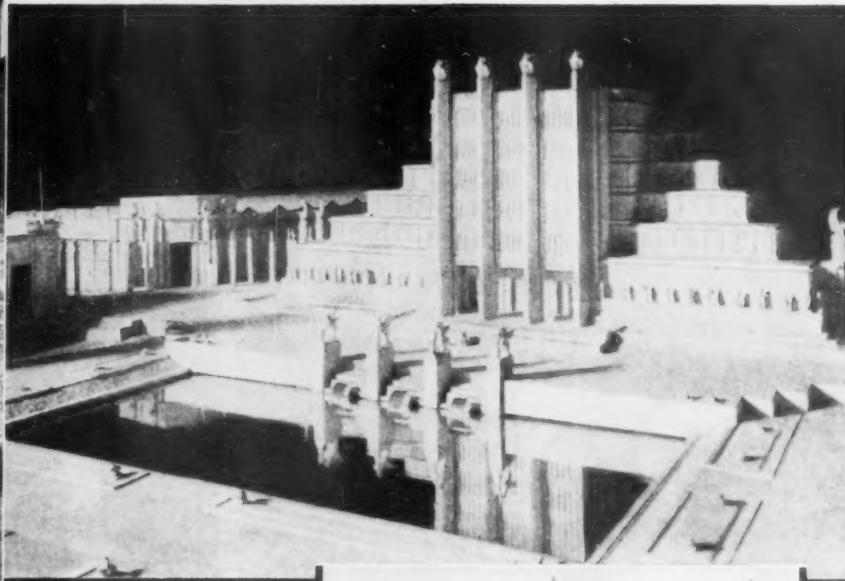
To this kingdom went Rotary in 1923 when clubs were organized in Brussels and Ostend. There are now twelve, having a total

members have gone to conventions the late prominent wise a E of the in November international Belgium are Paul Van Willems, governor embraces of Luxe





Photos: (below) Sergysels; (right, center) Ewing Galloway.



Thirty nations have a part in the international exhibition in Brussels this summer. . . . "The Great Palaces" (above) are one of the beautiful groups housing displays of art, science, and history.

## he Beautiful

membership of some 600. Belgian Rotarians have gone far forward since the international convention was held in Ostend in 1927 in which the late King Albert, honorary governor, had a prominent rôle. His son, King Leopold, is likewise a Rotarian. Three of the chief executives of the international exhibition at Brussels (April-November) are Rotarians. Among Rotary International officers and committeemen from Belgium are: Albert Bouchery, Louis E. Steinmann, Paul Vandenhoute, Henry Wigny, Edouard Willems, and Max Wolfers. The incumbent governor of the Sixty-First District, which embraces Belgium and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, is Camille Deberghe.

"The Belfry" means Bruges to Belgians. This carillon was built in 1280, its crown added in 1842.



Photo:  
(Bottom right)  
Publisher's  
Photo Service.

Delivering milk by dog-cart—an age-old custom that never fails to interest the picture-taking tourists in Belgium.

This monument marks the fields of Waterloo, just a few miles south of Brussels, on which the allied forces defeated Napoleon in 1815.





# Living Simply

By  
Strickland  
Gillilan



*"We went on uninterruptedly trying to amass as many suits as we could get, to see how many homes we could own . . . went on accumulating neckties. . ."*

**L**ET'S go simple!

Cities are best defined as large coagulations of homesick country people.

The hoary, bromidic saw "you can take the boy out of the country but you can't take the country out of the boy," is true in proportion to its age.

This adage's truthfulness can be extended without discount to the third and fourth or more generations of the land-bred. We, who happen to be Americans, were in the beginning pioneers, soil-tillers; so for us the rural appeal is nigh universal and practically permanent.

I was led to emit the above sapience by the fact that never yet have I recounted to one of my audiences my story of weaning a calf from the parent-stem and forcing it to take nutriment from a bucket (pail, if you are from New England), but that guffaws of laughter have come from all portions of an audience alike, and with every semblance of a complete sympathetic understanding. Nothing but heredity can explain that fact. Anybody knows that not half or a third of the individuals in an urban audience had ever taken part in—or even observed—that messy and colorful process. The knowledge of it is in their blood; the memory of it in their ganglia.

All of which prelude, overture, curtain-raiser, prologue, or whatyoumaycallit, tosses us right smack

into the midst of a thing that has occupied my mind and yours a great deal in the recent levelling days of shifting fortunes: that simplification of living methods, reversion to rurality, is in the offing. I will not say "just around the corner." That expression has lost its caste; is in bad; is on the index-expurgatorius nowadays. Yet the reduction of life to its simpler, sweeter, more restful elements is more than a mere present-day threat. This kindly fact is actually poking its merry head above our horizon—your and my horizon.

It has long been a familiar wheeze that "a man can wear but one suit of clothes at a time"—even if he gets a two-pants suit; that one can wear only one necktie at a time—unless one be wearing a Christmas-gift tie on a bet and puts another over it for concealment; that one can eat but one meal at a time—even though one be ever so two-faced; that one can live in but one house at a time—though the house be a duplex; can sleep in but one bed at a time—though the room be fitted with twin-beds.

**T**HESE things were once idly parroted; repeated by ear, as mere gags that carried little if any motivating meaning. We wisecracked the old saw while we went on uninterruptedly trying to amass as many suits as we could get; to see how many homes we

could own and how little time we could spend in any of them; went on accumulating neckties, giving and attending more parties than we could enjoy; eating far too often and too much—all just because we had money enough and leisure enough to permit us to make fools of ourselves if we had insufficient judgment to hold us back. We were restless from the lack of wholesome weariness, sound sleep, and proper hobbies and exercise.

We did all these super-nutty things on the same principle as that which actuated the half-caste Himalayan native in Kipling's story *Namgay Doola*. Being taken to task as to why he cut off the tail of a neighbor's cow, Namgay said: "Oh sahib, the heifer's tail waved in the moonlight and I had my knife." That is, the impulse and the opportunity synchronized, and there you were!

Now, with many of us reduced almost to the intelligence point through lessened incomes, and proportionately (or almost, some of us) improved in our philosophy, the heifer's tail waves no longer in the moonlight and maybe we have lost or misplaced our knife. We are looking around dazedly after our Humpty-Dumpty tumble from the artificial heights to which we had scrambled (against, or without the exercise of, our better judgment); we are rubbing out the imaginary cobwebs from our dazzled eyes and asking: "Where am I? How long has this finer, less-complicated life been going on?"

And it is my private belief, thus publicly expressed, that if ever the world returns to its former erratic orbit; if there should be a comeback for conditions permitting individuals to grow malodorously wealthy at the cost of the impoverishment of others as good and less acquisitive; if ever these conditions stage a return date, a lot of people will voluntarily refrain from taking advantage of them to grow miserably rich. I believe many of those who could do so will choose, open-eyed, "the simple life" once advocated by a certain "Pastor" Wagner who lived thirty years too soon.

It sounds, I realize, too Utopian to be true. But has any great thing ever come about, any radical change occurred in human customs or character, that did not strain human credulity to the

breaking point? Every day life is now crowded with the commonplace employment of once-incredible, acceptedly-impossible devices and customs. Many of us can remember when the automobile, the radio, the airplane, were axiomatically impossible, and our grandfathers and fathers knew that the telegraph and the telephone were absurdly—even disgustingly—chimerical. Is the rule of unselfishness in the world any more impossible today than were each of the foregoing now-indispensables just before the dawn of their several days?

**S**OME there are who, given an excess of tangible wealth once more (and this would be doubly true of those who got it for the first time), would grow pig-like. But many and many a person has learned his post-splurge lesson and will find the Golden Rule a refreshing and very workable theory—and novel. Most of those adopting the Golden Rule will think they discovered it, of course, and bore us to tears talking about it, but let 'em! We can stand any sort of folly that is not polluted with greed.

Now if you think this thing I have been expatiating about is just village stuff, you're balmy; crazy in the head! It can be practiced exactly as well in the cities which (remember) I defined—and stick to my definition—as "large coagulations of homesick country people." Certainly it can.

Why, just go down street a little way, or across the park, to where that rich friend of yours (though maybe he hasn't been permitted to think of you as a friend) is bedfast or shut in. Ask how he is getting along. If you don't get to see him, leave word, "If there is anything I can do for him, let me know."

*"Let's go simple . . . reversion  
to rurality is in the offing."*

*Illustrations by  
Don Herold*



Say a friendly "Good morning!" to any rich or poor neighbor you see.

Poor folks, through pride, do a great deal more intentional snubbing than rich folks do. By following those simple instructions to show friendship, neighborliness and neighboring can be established anywhere and everywhere, to everybody's relief and gratification. It will be just as if somebody in the community had raised a civic window and let in the sunshine and fresh air of natural human relationship.

Why, that wealthy highty-tighty chap with his nose in the air is just acting that way because he is lonely, self-conscious, embarrassed; he is just as heart-hungry for your friendship as you are for his—if you'd admit it. Both of you want to be friendly and don't know what ails you, so you act hostile; trying the wrongest-possible remedy. He is afraid to act as friendly as he feels, for fear you'll think he's patronizing you. That's his reason for his not offering you in exchange for your own (which he needs) the friendship with which his heart is crowded. Maybe his possession of "wealth" isn't his fault at all. Speak

priceless commodities, by so much as you have accumulated. Why, there was never in this world a thing more feasible and practical than this philosophy. Call it by any name you want to. I don't care; neither will anybody else, so long as you live it.

The art of living is divided into two distinct but inseparable functions: (a) Getting all you can from others, and (b) making others glad you got it.

No need to ask anyone for instructions about the first part—that's natural obedience to the first law of nature; it is the pig, feet in the trough, grunting.

But the (b) section—oh boy, there's a lifetime job—a MAN's lifetime job! Just glance at a partial list of what it includes: Gratitude, reciprocity, a sense of justice, inclination to pay one's honest debts (an art almost lost in the past four years), square-shooting—in fact, there isn't a life-embellishing human motive and activity that it doesn't include.

Now Rotary was one of the groping steps in the direction of this desired goal which I confidently believe we are noticeably approaching. None other than a fumbling approach could be made, in a world

that had erected an almost solid wall of opposition to that sort of living. Paul Harris thought he saw a crack in the wall—a wee crevice. He began pecking at it. Others helped. Light began to shimmer through. The idea was too vigorous to be circumscribed to one man or one organization. The plant, to shift the figure, was so healthy and grew so rapidly it became pot-bound. They then set it



"Both of you want to be friendly and don't know what ails you."

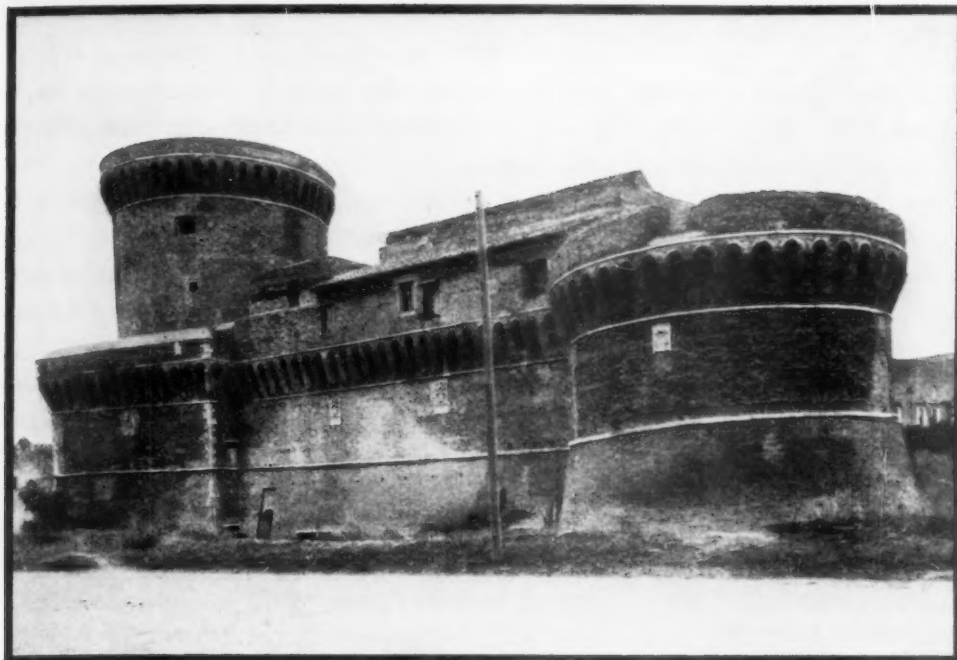
to the poor rich guy; offer him a cigarette or a chew of tobacco, and grin at him. Make him happy!

Wealth, in this "new deal" which is so much more than political, will be measured in units of health, friendliness, unselfishness, kindness, hard work, natural appetite, natural weariness, sound sleep, play, laughter! None of these is taxable by the government. If you accumulate all of every one of these that you can carry, you will not have robbed anyone else—you will merely have increased the world's supply of these

in open ground, and "now look at the darn thing!" There's no stopping it. It has been pruned by ridicule, has accepted the pruning and grown the faster since.

Rotary, I say, has by no means done all of it. But it has helped; most prodigiously it has helped. Some day the world, individual by individual, country by country, will be "neighboring." The homesick country folk, the nostalgic nabobs who squirm around in the cities, will be acting naturally; and life will be vastly happier for everybody.





*This pitted and decaying castle, built by Pope Julius II in 1475, overlooks the Tiber valley and the site of Ostia, military port, resort, and commercial center of ancient Rome.*

*Ostia needs no Sinclair Lewis to immortalize its Main Street. To the eye of an archaeologist these travel-worn stones tell more than could a shelf of one hundred books.*

## Uncovering Ancient Ostia

**By Guido Calza**

*Director of the Excavations*



**T**O GO to Ostia, ancient Rome's military port, commercial center, and resort, is a matter now of half an hour from modern Rome. It is reached by following the Tiber River nearly the entire distance, driving on the same road the ancients traversed, for the routing of the automobile highway and the electric railway is practically the same as the ancient Via Ostiense. The landscape is very much like that seen by the first navigators of Rome who launched forth in conquest of the Mediterranean Sea.

One may enjoy a full vision of this classical and simple landscape from the castle of Pope Julius II, built in 1475 near the ruins of ancient Ostia, to defend the Tiber, and as a guardian of the medieval

town which sprang up in the year 800, four centuries after the end of the old Roman city. From the terrace one can admire the profile of the Alban and Sabine Mounts which enclose the Roman plain on the western side. Looking east lies the sea which seems to have mercy for this coast where no rock ever resisted it, and which, rather than marking the limit of the countryside, appears almost as its continuation. With a deep breath one feels the musical silence of the Argo over which three ancient muses—poetry, legend, and history—guide us.

But a new light is now thrown on poetry and legend as a result of the excavations which have made it possible to determine the history of Ostia

from its very beginning until the last days of its existence, and to bridge the silence of the ancient authors regarding this city which for eight centuries led the same life and had the same story as Rome.

Ostia was founded about 330 B.C., just after Rome had conquered the Latium, having subdued the Etruscans and the Anziati. In fact, I was fortunate enough to discover, under the imperial city, the walls, gates, streets and some buildings of the original Ostia which was an essentially military city, the first colony of Rome. Whoever visits Ostia today, lives again eight centuries of Roman legend and life, namely the periods of the Republic, Empire, and Decadence.

**T**HE primitive constructions made of tufa rest on the sand at low level; slightly farther above them lies the pre-imperial city which had certainly risen on a general plane in accordance with the slow self-rising of the bed of the Tiber. And when, under Augustus (27 B. C. to 14 A. D.), it enjoyed the peace that followed the conquests which had been carried out, and when, under the imperial régime, each province gave its tribute, Ostia's importance grew infinitely. Its stores and shops as well as its dwellings and public buildings became numerous as befitted the mart of the capital of the world.

The larger part of Rome's victual stores and offices was concentrated in Ostia, so that there everything arrived that served to feed the Romans, both plebs and patricians; and I do not mean wheat only. Inasmuch as the mouth of the Tiber was no longer sufficient to contain the ships of a world trade, under Augustus' reign Rome contemplated the construction of an adequate harbor, which was inaugurated by Emperor Claudius and enlarged by means of an ampler basin through the influence of Trajan.

As the emperors were thus assured of a new source of vitality and riches, thanks to the harbor of Ostia, they themselves strove to develop and embellish Ostia. Domitian provided it with water; Trajan renovated the greatest part of the city; Septimius Severus and Caracalla widened the theater and enlarged the barracks of the guards; Antoninus Pius rebuilt the baths; Aurelius gave 100 numidic marble columns for the forum which bears his name; and even in the year 309 after Christ, Maxentius opened a mint at Ostia.

Likewise, opulent citizens contributed to the beautifying of the community. A certain Gamala, thanks

to the revenues secured from his commerce, restored temples, paved streets, and gave a system of weights and measures to the market. There remain today proofs among the ruins of nearly every one of these liberalities.

An improvement of the entire city was probably effected contemporaneously with the construction of the harbor. Old roads were widened and others restored. The city was provided with an abundant supply of water which was canalized in a large pipe of lead, which remained for a considerable period of time. Dwellings were arranged in ample and regular rooms, and the streets and houses were provided with a complete sewerage system.

During the imperial period, new and larger temples, such as that of the Capitoline Triade, were erected; also the theater, perhaps already built since Augustus' régime; also the bath houses and public monuments of the forum, unexplored for the most part. The city extended like an arc over the shore of the sea, which had already withdrawn itself on account of the gradual filling up by the deposits of the Tiber. The houses which were too small were renovated and heightened to three and four stories to shelter within them a population of various origins and languages, distinct clothes and classes of perhaps 80,000 inhabitants, among whom people of Italic, African, and Asiatic races were to be found.

Whoever visits Ostia today can contemplate a regularly built city, provided with wide and straight streets. There are two principal arteries. One is the great Decumano which separates the city from the east to the west in two long sections and reaches the ancient sea shore after a distance of about 1,500 meters, of which about 700 meters have been uncovered at the present time. The other artery is the Tiber which runs along the city and forms its boundary on the north side, and which is connected with the Decumano by streets running parallel with each other and which finally reach the eastern walls.

**A** RELATIVELY small part has been excavated on the north side of the city, which contains several temples, various stores, bath houses, the theater, the baths, the barracks of the guards, and a vast residential section with numerous and various types of houses and a street system. Although only a fraction of the total area of Ostia has been brought to light, the interest and importance of the discovery far exceed the extension which has taken place.

We cannot help thinking that a city of such construction and the home of employees and workers, must have been seething with life from morning to night, attending to the daily work of handling, shipping, and unloading on the banks of the Tiber which must have been filled up with boats going down to get the goods from the larger cargo ships, then returning up the river to Rome.

**T**HUS, if among the ruins of the imperial *fora* or the imposing remains of the baths at Rome it is possible for us to determine the daily pleasures of any of the numerous members of the Latin patricians, at Ostia, on the other hand, we are enabled to understand the Roman labor.

On the magnificent square of the theater of Ostia are the remains of about seventy agency offices of the ship companies, which traded with Rome, from the remotest corners of the Latin world. Between the columns of the "quadriportico," which adorns the square, there are mosaics with signs which, by means of figures and epigraphs, indicate the type of trade represented there and its country of origin. It is, therefore, a sort of mart-of-the-world-trade that Ostia has conserved for us in a clearly illustrated language.

Since the height of the ruins exceeds nine meters in some streets, we can form a clear idea in Ostia of the elevation and the architectural outline of the buildings. We feel these Ostian dwellings are more

alive and closer to us than those of Pompeii, because the former, and no others, have given us the models for modern Italian residences. They were built in three or four stories, provided with street façades and inside courts with ample and symmetrical windows, arranged in divisible apartments. Stairways, embellished with simple but elegant decorations, lend a tone of refinement to the brick construction.

Roman art is revealed in Ostia by the grandeur of its marbles, the vivacity of its mosaics, the freshness of its paintings, and the natural appearance of its portraits. The iconic statues and sepulchral reliefs produce an impression of the actual life or death of meritorious citizens, and the mosaics and paintings offer, in the form of their simple figurative language, the motifs for the appealing decorations of the homes.

But the question will be [Continued on page 52]



*To ancient Ostians, this beautiful mosaic was merely a sign, signifying: "Ship Companies and Merchants of Cagliari." Note the representation of the ancient vessel, in vogue when the pieces of this pattern were fitted together.*



*The theater in the foreground was faced by a square, around which have been found remains of seventy shipping agencies which carried on an extensive commerce with all parts of the great Roman world.*



# Mines, Oil Burners, Insurance

By Walter B. Pitkin

Author, "Life Begins at Forty," "New Careers for Youth," etc.

**C**LOSED DOORS often open. Sometimes they swing open in the winds of prosperity, and sometimes a husky leans against them and cracks them down. Thus today.

For many years the field of opportunities for mining engineers shrank and shrank until some schools despaired of placing their graduates. But now fresh calls arise from unexpected quarters. One of the ablest authorities in our country has just reported to me that the new demand for mining engineers grows largely out of a change in the mines themselves.

In the early days of a good mine, the ore was close to the surface and easy to get at. As the mine was worked, shafts deepened, galleries lengthened, underground tracks stretched out for miles, and finally two things happened. More engineers were needed in order to handle the spread-out property, and new techniques of working at low levels and at high underground temperatures had to be developed. Immense air conditioning systems had to be installed. And, to offset the rising cost of bringing ore to the surface, experts had to re-calculate every least operation and trim fractions of a cent off the bill of working a ton of material.

Still more critical was the declining quality of ore. Many mines were skinned of their high-grade ores and had only inferior stuff; so the owners had to choose between abandoning them or finding a way of working low-grade ores with profit. This, above all, opened long-closed doors to the younger generation of mining engineers. Today, prospects brighten fast. But obviously only for men of outstanding ability.

A door which seemed closed forever was that which led into coal mining. Ten years ago, almost any well informed man would have told you to keep away from coal mines, if you wanted to rise in the world. He would have read off a list of fifteen unanswerable reasons, arguments, and explanations; and you would have turned to something else of higher promise. But now, in this year, 1935, we find the larger coal mining companies going in for new kinds of cleaning plants and for mechanical

*Today, calls for mining engineers come from corporations seeking men who combine sound technical training with skill in research.*

Photos: H. Armstrong Roberts



mining. Improvements in mining machinery have lately been amazingly rapid; and with each advance toward higher technology, opportunity for more engineers has been created.

Do not think, though, that coal mines are enjoying a boom. Far from it. Natural gas and petroleum are still cutting in on the old coal markets severely. It is only for superior engineers that opportunity beckons.

News also comes in that a number of large mining corporations welcome men who combine sound engineering training with skill in research. They need such to carry on research in by-products. Arizona copper mines whose top-grade ores have been depleted, find various possibly valuable minerals in their dumps. Will somebody please find a way of turning these into dollars?

Need I mention the current boom in gold and silver mining which results from the government policy of price-fixing and controlling output? There are said to be thousands of small pockets

or veins all over the Rocky Mountains which would repay working by a lone prospector-engineer but would never reward a company equipped with large machinery. Hundreds of these sites are being worked, and hundreds more could be.

Not a career, to be sure, but perhaps a chance to get ahead for a few years. Three students I have known personally are taking out about a hundred dollars a week of gold dust way up in a lost valley. Three thousand might be doing something almost as profitable. (This is no invitation to untrained youths to strike out for themselves with only a ham sandwich and a sieve.)

**A**NOTHER door that seemed about to close, a few years ago, was the oil-burner market. The domestic models cost much money, far too much for nine families out of ten. High-pressure selling soon flooded the high-priced market, and then came a deadly lull. The depression made this lull deeper and

longer; indeed it looked like a first-class burial for a while. Then along came engineers who redesigned this useful equipment from end to end, cheapening it while improving it. Now a much larger market is opening fast.

One of the most progressive oil-burner manufacturers informs me that the industry is now planning its factories and sales force to market 300,000 burners a year—which is Big Business, and no mistake. To hold this pace, the industry must train hundreds of salesmen and installation men. Then it must follow these with a nation-wide service staff competent to make all adjustments and repairs and inspections. Plainly, this opening door is extra wide and swinging fast. Look into it, if you seek a career near home.

There have never been good oil-burner service men in sufficient number to cover all good territories. This service could well be combined with several others in the domestic appliance field, such as the servicing of electric refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, and so on. Some companies offer virtually free training to well qualified men. Think it over!

**F**OR several reasons, the field of life insurance, once a half-closed door to many ambitious young men and women, is wide open to a new type of worker. He must approach this career from the professional standpoint. For leaders in the insurance field are steadily trying to change the business of life insurance (which is chiefly salesmanship) to the profession of life insurance (which is one of the highest types of individual and family service). Today young people who will take the professional attitude toward their jobs are wanted by most leading life insurance companies, especially in cities over 50,000 in population. Why?

Because within the past two months, thirty-one of the largest companies have signed agreements to hire only full-time workers in such cities. What does this mean to career seekers?

Competition with part-time workers will be greatly reduced. Many life insurance men are also factory workers, garage managers, real-estate salesmen, or are otherwise occupied with other important work. Life insurance selling is a mere sideline. Nevertheless, these part-time people often skim the cream of the business in their communities, leaving it to the full-time pluggers to line up the rest. Under the new agreement, not only will

more full-time workers be needed, but their chances of making a good living will be materially increased.

The trend toward professionalizing life insurance opens the way for young men (and some women) who are willing to build slowly and surely through a long training period up to the professional level of insurance service. They must be prepared to train in the field for at least four years. During the first year, they may not take in more than a few hundred dollars, and most of this may have to be spent in building up their clientele. If they stick by their guns, they will be good enough workers to receive many offers of jobs offering better pay. But if they propose to finish out the training period in insurance, from the fifth year on they may expect to make at least as much money as high-grade doctors, lawyers, and other professional workers.

Why the fifth year?

Let me quote Carl B. Rowleson, life insurance expert of Norwalk, Conn. He says:

"A recent survey revealed that fifty-two per cent of all people buying insurance purchase from men who have been in the business five years or longer. This is especially noteworthy, since the average insurance agent stays with the business only two years, more or less. Thousands of men are continually taking up life insurance selling, only to drop it before they know what it is about. There is nothing in it for them, and many of

us think that there is nothing in it for the companies.

"The door is wide open for the young man who wants a place of service in his community. Most insurance companies are looking for him. The row will be hard to hoe, for managers still look for men who produce sales over night, even for a brief time."

**L**ET prospective insurance workers discuss this matter frankly with their proposed managers. If the latter are as progressive as many of the companies which employ them, the professional insurance worker may begin a career as promising as many other professional careers offering a decent livelihood for the ablest workers.

For the youth seriously seeking a career, then, here are three likely fields to look into: mining engineering, oil heating, and life insurance.

*The trend toward professionalizing life insurance opens the way for the patient young man.*





## What Rotary Means to Estevan

By Don Dunbar

### Foreword

As Mayor of Estevan, Saskatchewan, Canada, and a citizen of the town throughout the life of Estevan Rotary Club, I am in a good position to say "What Rotary Means to My Town."



P. B. Holmgren

In the heart of the Saskatchewan drouth area, which has suffered complete crop failure for five successive years, Estevan has been hard-hit by adversity. Such misfortune is particularly severe on a comparatively young Western town which has none of the deeply-rooted institutions of Eastern centers to help carry it through such a testing time. Crippled financially, it must depend almost entirely on the morale of its people to "keep its head above water."

Our Rotary club has meant a great deal to us in this hour "of need." Its members have drawn much from their weekly contacts with each other and from the inspiration of their craft's creed. Most of them are community leaders, and into their various activities they carry their Rotary enthusiasm, to everybody's benefit.

I shall not try to enumerate the many projects which Estevan Rotary Club has successfully undertaken. I shall discuss only one which has made my work as Mayor much easier. Born of the long depression is the dire problem of supplying food and clothing to families in unfortunate circumstances. The Rotary club has made donations totaling \$600 for this purpose, and has just recently concluded a Community Chest

Campaign realizing an additional \$600 to supplement the relief provided by existing government agencies which do not fully meet the requirements of those in need.

Representing the citizens of Estevan as a whole, I cannot speak too warmly of Rotary's contribution, both financially and morally, to the happiness and welfare of our community.

P. B. HOLMGREN,  
Mayor of Estevan.

### Fostering Goodwill

Recognizing the importance of close coöperation between the 2,700 residents of the town and those of the surrounding district, Estevan Rotary Club takes the lead in fostering inter-community goodwill in this area. Frequent mass picnics are staged, and deputations of citizens from other centers are urged to come and enjoy a tour of the town's industries, none of which is more popular with visitors than the large nursery plantations.

### A Verdant Testimonial

Visitors to Estevan invariably remark on the big poplar trees which line both sides of Third Street, the town's main residential avenue, and which not only add great beauty but also provide welcome relief from the glare and sweltering heat of midsummer sun.

These poplars represent the first project undertaken by the Estevan Rotary Club when it was organized in the spring of 1923. The members themselves formed a planting bee on May 15 of that year, and set up 400 hardy poplars which today offer a verdant testimonial to Rotary's interest in Community Service.

### Encouraging Civic Pride

Members of Estevan Rotary Club have taken an active part in the organization and development of Estevan Horticultural Society, which encourages civic pride by offering prizes to home-owners whose grounds are most attractively planted and tended during the summer months, and to amateur gardeners who grow the best flowers and vegetables. The Rotary Club Cup, a handsome silver trophy, is presented annually to the exhibitor winning the most points at the Horticultural Society's exhibition.

### Boosting the Fair

A great annual outing for the farm people of the district is Estevan Summer Fair, but crop failures and financial setbacks made chances for entertainment at the 1934 fair dubious.

Recognizing the necessity of keeping this important event up to standard, Estevan Rotary Club's specially appointed committee organized the First Annual Border Derby, offering purses to winning farm horses and conducting a sweepstake on the result. The derby was a financial success as well as the backbone of the fair, and is already an established institution.

Windstorms tore the roof off the Agricultural Society's grandstand, and crippled finances made its replacement impossible, but the Rotary club came along with the necessary funds.





## New Citizens for Canada

Not only Estevan, but Canada as a whole, drew benefit from the project launched by T. A. "Torge" Torgeson, who was first president of Estevan Rotary Club, then governor of the Fourth District, then chairman of the Canadian Advisory Committee, and later a director of Rotary International.

As chairman of the Canadian Advisory Committee, "Torge" urged Rotary clubs all over the Dominion to induce residents of foreign birth who had not already done so to take out their Canadian citizenship papers. As a result, Canada secured over 1,500 full-fledged new citizens in the first year, although the objective was only 1,000.

The Town of Estevan found a source of valuable publicity and of genuine community pride in the splendid Rotary record of "Torge" Torgeson.



Photo: Department of Interior, Ottawa

## Toward Better Farming

In an effort to improve the grade of wheat produced by farmers of the immediate district, Estevan Rotary Club bought and distributed free some \$500 worth of registered wheat seed. The action proved a very popular one, farmers expressing warm appreciation of this unusual interest being taken in their problems.

## Work with Boys

Estevan Rotary Club's interest in Boys Work is by no means confined to an annual Father-and-Son banquet, although that is a feature which is not overlooked. The club actively assists in promotion of junior athletics, having at various times either organized or donated generously toward this work.

One summer, members of the club captained teams in a junior baseball league which had an enrollment of fifty-five boys. Other sports are encouraged, and club members gave coaching advice to a boy who set a new intercollegiate pole-vaulting record for Saskatchewan in 1934.

The Estevan club's efforts to aid the younger generation are further illustrated by the motorcade organized annually to transport 300 children taking part in a musical festival. Young speakers who have distinguished themselves in local oratorical contests are encouraged by an invitation to appear before the club.

The sum of \$700 was spent by the club to

supply instruments for a boy's band, many of the members of which have graduated to the senior town band. The expenses of a farm boy who is picked to attend the stock judging contests at the University of Saskatchewan are paid annually by the Rotary club, and transportation was arranged last year to take under-privileged boys to a big-league hockey match in a neighboring city.

## Camp Ground

The Town of Estevan is less than ten miles from the international boundary. One mile south of the town are the beautiful woodlands of the Souris River, but near none of the neighboring towns of the state of North Dakota is there any such recreation spot.

Seeing its opportunity for creating international goodwill, even on a small scale, Estevan Rotary Club has developed the Souris River woodlands into picnic and camping grounds, erecting tourist huts and swings, and providing swimming and boating accommodations.

Visitors from North Dakota throng to this lovely spot on hot summer week-ends, mingle with their Canadian neighbors, and form lasting friendships which might otherwise never have been made. Often our American friends write back letters of appreciation for this hospitality.

## Rest and Exercise

Immediately across the river from the wooded summer resort is a large flat stretch of prairie, ideal for athletic contests of any sort. To connect this plain with the camping grounds and provide a first-class layout for community picnics, Estevan Rotary Club built a heavy all-steel bridge across the river, designed for both pedestrian and vehicular traffic.

As a result, towns of the surrounding district, rural schools, churches, and other organizations are establishing annual outings at Woodlawn Park, the name given this fine Rotary project.

## Practical Leadership

Cyclones terrific in velocity wiped out both skating and curling rinks and delivered a heavy blow to the community. Nothing was done toward their replacement until Estevan Rotary Club took charge. Every member of the club got behind the big undertaking and three community carnivals were staged to raise money. Then the Rotarians led a stock-selling campaign

and the project was completed with the erection of a curling rink housing four fine sheets of ice and a skating rink which has a regulation sheet of hockey ice, waiting rooms and spectators' gallery. This complete unit is one of the finest in the province for centers the size of Estevan, and is the town's greatest sports asset.

The Rotary club's actual cash subscription was \$13,400; efforts and enthusiasm of the members which made success possible cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.

## ... And As For Myself

It was less than nine months ago that I joined Estevan Rotary Club. For ten years previous to that I watched them work for the good of the community. As a newspaperman, I was constantly coming in contact with them and also with the people they served, and I have no hesitation in terming them the greatest single factor in the community fabric.

Estevan as a Rotary center is uniquely situated. It is about ten miles from the international boundary, and its Rotary club takes full advantage of this opportunity to develop goodwill with North Dakota Rotary clubs. At least once a year meetings are exchanged with one or more towns on the other side of the boundary.

Again, Estevan is about ten miles from the Saskatchewan coalfields, where hundreds of men are employed in the mines. Wage levels during the past two or three years have sunk to a low ebb, making it impossible for the workers to enjoy little luxuries to which they had become accustomed.

Last year Estevan Rotary Club stepped out and collected 750 good books, installed them as a library in the mining community, and organized facilities for their distribution.

It is true that there is no way of measuring the value of these gestures, any more than it is possible to measure the actual results from newspaper advertising, but the business section of Estevan frankly owes its existence at the present time to the friendly spirit shown toward it by citizens of neighboring North Dakota towns and residents of the coalfields' mining communities.

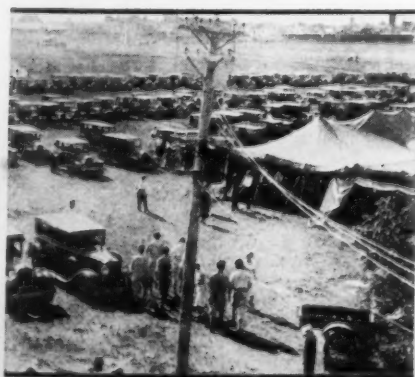
In more prosperous years, the Rotary club's money-raising ventures allowed full realization of its objectives and also the setting up of a reserve fund, which of late has enabled the club to carry on its record of philanthropy without any financial onus to the citizens of Estevan, who are its loyal supporters.

Since I, too, have become a member of the Rotary club, I have felt the touch of its inspiration. I do not think it is possible for outsiders to appreciate the nerve-wracking grind of the depression as it has come to us in this drought area of Saskatchewan. Certainly I could never have appreciated Rotary's "safety valve" influence here.

We are all active business men, and out of our weekly contacts we derive not only confidence in ourselves but also confidence in each other. Rotary has provided us with a sort of extra weapon to fight off the devils of depression. I, for one, wouldn't be without it.



Don Dunbar



*Young Saskatoon on parade . . . Hundreds of Boy Scouts, Wolf Cubs, Girl Guides, and Brownies in this Canadian city marched together to a youth movement service which successfully climaxed Rotary's popular Youth Week activities there.*



## Rotary Around the World

*These brief news notes—gleaned from letters and bulletins—mirror the varied activities of the Rotary movement. Contributions are always welcome.*

### Colombia

#### *Monument to Benefactor*

HONDA—Largely on the initiative of the Honda Rotary Club, which raised the funds by popular subscription, a statue was recently unveiled of Pedro A. Lopez, a great benefactor of Honda, and father of the present president of the Republic, Dr. Alfonso Lopez. President Lopez, members of his cabinet, and visitors from other Colombian cities, attended the brilliant unveiling ceremony arranged by the Honda Rotary Club.

### England

#### *Transportation to Hospital*

MILL HILL, LONDON—With hospital transportation a problem for many needy people, members of the Rotary Club of Mill Hill have arranged to carry a considerable number of deserving patients to and from hospitals and dispensaries.

### Finland

#### *Assist Finnish "Hull-House"*

HELSINKI-HELSINGFORS—Members of the Helsinki-Helsingfors Rotary Club have increased by a substantial amount their donations to Kalliola Settlement in their city. This settlement is carrying on the kind of social work in Finland which was begun by the late Jane Addams in the United States and by Canon Barnett in England.

### India

#### *Community Welfare*

MADRAS—Scholarships were offered in seven schools this past year by members of the Madras Rotary Club. Accident prevention is another problem which has been of concern to the club. Due to the intervention of the Rotarians, the posting of unsightly posters on public buildings and bridges has been discontinued. Informa-

tion gathered from a health survey by the Community Service Committee was forwarded with recommendations to the public health department. Where patients of a local nursing home required the use of cars for short outings during convalescence, Madras Rotarians have provided transportation.

### Ireland

#### *"Special Service" Fund*

DUBLIN—From their special service funds Rotarians of Dublin recently donated £21 to a fresh air fund for children, and a similar sum to the National Council for the Blind for the purchase of wireless sets.

#### *Benefit Dance*

CORK—Members of the Rotary Club of Cork donated £68, the proceeds of a benefit dance, to a vacation fund for children. During the summer months Cork Rotarians also provide transportation for these children.

### Italy

#### *Entertain Fair Visitors*

MILAN—Rotarians from various cities and countries attending the recent Milan Fair were given a special luncheon by members of the Milan Rotary Club. During this meeting over 300 Rotarian visitors had an opportunity to greet H.R.H. the Crown Prince Umberto di Savoia, who is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Cuneo.

### Peru

#### *Playground for Children*

CHICLAYO—Among the many recent civic improvements in which Rotarians of Chiclayo have had a part is the opening of a playground for children in one of the poorer sections of their city.

#### *Pamphlet on Sexual Education*

LIMA—A famous letter on sexual education by a well-known English physician has been

translated by a member of the Lima Rotary Club and distributed in pamphlet form by Lima Rotarians among local young people.

### New Zealand

#### *Journey Far to Welcome Founder*

GISBORNE—Determined to have an opportunity of meeting Paul Harris on his recent visit to New Zealand, a large group of Rotarians from Gisborne journeyed 200 miles to join with members of the Rotorua Rotary Club in welcoming the founder of Rotary.

### Portugal

#### *Layettees for Infants*

FUNCHAL (Madeira)—Since the first of the year Rotarians of Funchal have been donating complete outfits (over eight each month) for children born to poor mothers at the municipal hospital.

### Union of South Africa

#### *Vocational Scholarship*

PORT ELIZABETH, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—Members of the Rotary Club of Port Elizabeth will this year continue the £20 fund established for the use of scholars in a local technical college.

#### *Picnic for Orphans*

EAST LONDON, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—Fifty boys in a local orphanage were recently given an outing by East London Rotarians.

### Canada

#### *Observe Jubilee*

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.—Members of the St. Stephen Rotary Club who had entered their own float in the parade celebrating the 25th anniversary of His Majesty King George, were delighted to observe a handsome float which

had been entered by the Rotary Club of Calais, Maine. This thoughtful gesture was one that was much appreciated by all those who saw the parade. Arrangements were also made for the entire motorized part of the parade to cross the Canadian-U. S. border and to visit Calais on that same day.

### Enter Rotary Float

WINDSOR, ONT.—An interesting and educational float was that entered by the Rotary Club of Windsor in that city's observance of the British Jubilee in honor of King George. Prepared by the Boys' Work committee of the Rotary club, it portrayed various club interests—Sea Cadets, the Boys' Brigade, Boy Scouts, and High School Cadets. Riding in the place of honor (over the truck cab) was the youth who had been "elected" boy mayor.

### Auto Show a Success

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—A benefit auto show sponsored recently by Rotarians of New Westminster has netted over \$1,200 for the various activities of the Rotary club.

## Australia

### Hobby and Handicraft Show

BENDIGO, VIC.—With the enthusiastic backing of school authorities the Rotary Club of Bendigo recently held a hobby and handicrafts exhibition of children's work in which there were almost 4,000 entries from 86 schools. Sewing, knitting, wood-carving, furniture, baskets, and mineral collections were but a few of the exhibits. Of especial interest to Rotarians, undoubtedly, was an unusual display by the Young Farmers' movement, an activity in which most Australian Rotarians are deeply interested. Studies of some of the treatises on animal husbandry, grain growing, and poultry, revealed that these boys and girls have a knowledge which many an adult farmer might envy. Labor saving devices were here exhibited, as were also a model dairy barn, feed bin, examples of farm carpentry, and even an attractive little homestead. Housewives viewing one of the exhibits learned new ways of using dyed sugar and flour bags for play suits, rugs, dresses, toys, bath mats, and a host of other handy household articles. Immediately preceding the opening of the show, Bendigo Rotarians held a luncheon to honor the school teachers.

Photos: P. F. Nash.

## United States of America

### Promote Safe Driving

ITHACA, N. Y.—At a joint meeting of Ithaca Rotary and two other local service clubs a resolution was unanimously adopted which has for its purpose the curtailment of accidents in their city. Members of these clubs pledged themselves to set an example to all other citizens by conforming fully to traffic regulations, by approving all safety measures inaugurated by city and state authorities, and by supporting aggressively the efforts of the police department to prosecute offenders.

### Unusual Loan Fund Increase

BELTON, TEX.—Under the able direction of Chairman Angus Vick of the student loan fund committee, who has held that position for fourteen years, the sum Belton Rotarians have available for the use of students has grown from \$150 to \$6,100.

### Train 500 Musicians

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.—"All sold out," was the answer that had to be given to many who requested tickets for the annual concert given by the hundred-piece Framingham Rotary Boys' band this spring. Started by Framingham Rotarians twelve years ago with a group of twenty-eight, as the first organization of its kind in New England, more than five hundred boys in various parts of the country may now boast of having at one time belonged. Because it has been the policy of the Framingham Rotary Club

to combine character training with excellence of musical instruction, this band has become the pattern for similar organizations all over the United States.

### Party for Teachers

CHARLESTON, ILL.—Starting with a game which involved the necessity of remembering each guest's name, Charleston Rotarians a few months ago held their first social event for public school teachers. Every feature of the evening, which included old fashioned dances, was planned to develop friendships among the teachers and club members and their families.

### 25th Anniversary

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Members of the Philadelphia Rotary Club celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary in early June. The Philadelphia club has the distinction of having two international past-presidents in its membership—Glenn Mead (1912-13) and Guy Gundaker (1923-24).

### Honor Departed Members

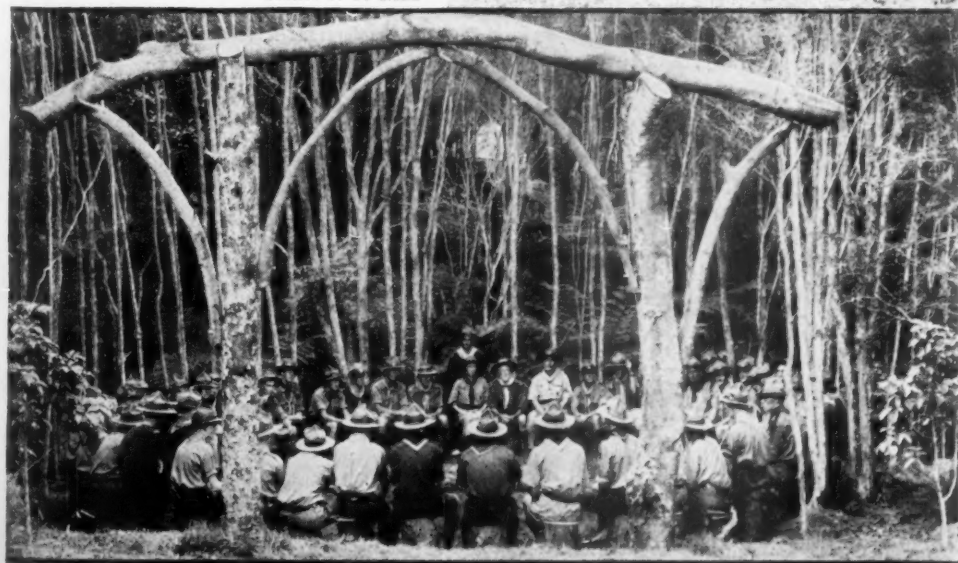
CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO—Memorial Day services of the Circleville Rotary Club included fitting tributes to deceased members, with their widows as special guests.

### Contribute to Lunches

CORTLAND, N. Y.—Members of the Cortland Rotary Club this past year contributed one hundred dollars toward the school lunches served under-nourished children during the school year.



Seasoned Scout masters and Scout-masters-in-the-making find the out-of-doors the place to be in Auckland, New Zealand. Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, on a visit to this country, is seen in the center of the upper picture, speaking with the warden of Gilwell camp. The Daniel Boone of New Zealand, Major F. W. Sanford, veteran 81-year-old Scout, is in the background. Rotarian W. J. Holdsworth, Chief Scout Commissioner of Auckland, is in the right foreground. (lower) Young Scout masters review Scout lore in Gilwell school.







Founder Paul Harris, on a recent Rotary tour, stops in a park in North Sydney, Australia, to plant a tree of friendship. At his back is Mrs. Harris. Thomas Armstrong and G. Fred Birks are at the extreme right. (Below) Athol Johnston presents Paul a gift from the North Sydney club.



### Establish Wooded Park

PENN YAN, N. Y.—If the trees which Penn Yan Rotarians planted on a nearby tract continue to develop, their city will some day have a forest recreation ground of which it may well be proud. This present year, the Penn Yan Rotary Club added 3,000 trees in this reforested area.

### Sponsor County Hobby Fair

BOWLING GREEN, KY.—Arranging the annual hobby fair sponsored by the Bowling Green Rotary Club for a recent Saturday, made it possible for farmers, as well as a greater number of towns-people, to view the exhibits. There were three grand prizes and bronze medals for the winners in the various divisions.

### Hold Memorial Service

KEWANEE, ILL.—Members of the Kewanee Rotary Club observed Memorial Day with a special tribute to the twenty departed members of their group. The lives and services of the twenty men were set forth by four speakers who had known them well.

### Effective Coöperation

BIRMINGHAM, MICH.—Rotarians of Birmingham who have played an important part in the rehabilitation of their town during recent years, have a definite policy of meeting community problems: first, to visualize the needs of the community; second, to organize with proper personnel and with the backing of the various civic organizations; third, to follow through efficiently on a job. The history of this club's activity in assisting its community indicates that the plan has been carefully adhered to. A committee headed by Rotarians secured the opening of a new national bank based on some of the assets of an old one; an effort was made to establish greater coöperation among those business men who survived the first blows of the depression, and to attract new businesses; members served faithfully in school, municipal, and county government in order to piece out revenue and maintain operations; various plans were launched to obtain the help of taxpayers; a committee of Rotarians studied the problems incident to changing Birmingham from a village to a city, and a number now serve on the new charter commission, with a provision for payment of monthly

tax installments as one of their first accomplishments. Only recently a fine community house built several years ago, has been given new life through a drive sponsored by Birmingham Rotarians.

### Business Recovery

ST. LOUIS, MO.—St. Louis Rotarians have recently held their first all-round industrial exposition with great success. This exhibition not only gave members and their wives an excellent opportunity to view the services of members, but also acted as a stimulant to the thousands of non-Rotarians who visited the show.

### Essays on Barker Address

AUSTIN, TEX.—High school boys and girls in Austin who were privileged to hear an address by Dr. Charles Barker recently, listened with greater than usual attention. Austin Rotarians, it was learned, had offered cash prizes for the best essays on the character development talk which Dr. Barker presented. More than eight hundred students entered the competition.

### Entertain District Governor

SHIPPENSBURG, PA.—District Governor Harrison E. Howe already has met Rotarians from 25 per cent of the Rotary clubs in the 34th District, as a result of an inter-city meeting in his honor held recently by the Shippensburg Rotary Club.

### City Coöperates in Boys Work

SULPHUR, OKLA.—Sustained interest in boys of Sulphur is shown by every civic and service club, the churches, and the chamber of com-

merce. The initial work of organization was begun by Rotarian C. M. Mays, veteran Boy Scout leader. A city-wide committee began its work cautiously and constructively with a series of quarterly dinners, three of them given by local churches, and one by the chamber of commerce. The result of that program has this summer been a system of supervised athletics, vocational studies, and special wood and metal-craft work.

### Sponsor National Park

ESCANABA, MICH.—Rotarians of the Tenth District (Upper Michigan and Wisconsin) at their recent conference passed a resolution to work jointly for the establishment of beautiful Isle Royale as a national park. This isolated island in upper Lake Superior is 50 miles long, and from three to nine miles wide. Believing that this spot with its heavy timber, abundant fowl life, and one of the largest herds of moose in America, must be preserved in its present state, Rotarians of the Tenth District are firmly determined that every measure must be enforced which will conserve the present virginal state of this island which is but a short distance from the Canadian mainland.



*Some members of the Invercargill, New Zealand, Rotary Club, one of the most southernly clubs in the world, spend a week-end reducing their health camp (and, incidentally, their waistlines as well) to order.*



*How many Rotary clubs can match this record? When Hamilton, Ontario, Rotarians celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of their club not long ago, every one of their past presidents returned for the occasion. The above picture of the faithful Twenty-One shows also an honorary life member and club founder.*

### Library for Scouts

MANSFIELD, OHIO.—Because the facilities of the public library are not always readily available to Boy Scouts, due to distance, employment, and other factors Mansfield Rotarians recently collected several hundred suitable books for the establishment of Scout libraries. It is planned that each troop will have a library of its own, with a system of rotating all books among the several troops.

### Build Band Stand

UXBRIDGE, MASS.—One pleasant community feature which too few small towns enjoy is weekly band concerts on spring and summer nights. So that all the towns-people may enjoy the fine high school band, members of the Uxbridge Rotary Club had a temporary stand erected for the series of concerts given this season.

### International Contest

MANSFIELD, MASS.—Under the direction of its International Service Committee, the Mansfield Rotary Club recently conducted an essay contest on the importance of International Service open to seniors in the three local high schools. For the three outstanding essays a cash prize was awarded the winner from each school, as well as a copy of Lillian Dow Davidson's book, "Making New Friends."

### Contest on Rotary Motto

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Members of the Somerville Rotary Club this past spring sponsored a contest on Rotary's motto for students in the three local junior high schools.

### Prize to Farm Boy

FORT DODGE, IA.—Members of the Fort Dodge Rotary Club recently had the pleasure of presenting the one hundred dollar International Harvester prize to a Stanhope youth who was awarded this sum in the 1934 Farm Accounting contest. Fort Dodge Rotarians also made this meeting an occasion for entertaining prominent agricultural leaders.

### Menus Attract Visitors

GLOUCESTER CITY, N. J.—The recently organized Rotary Club of Gloucester is a mecca for visiting Rotarians. Members have their own chef who plans just the sort of meals that cause men to look forward to the weekly gathering.

### Venetian Night

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—The five hundred Rotarians and their wives who attended the banquet of the 26th District at Birmingham recently en-

joyed a Venetian setting which Birmingham Rotarians had prepared for the meeting. Tables were arranged around the terrace of a country club swimming pool, and lights skilfully placed around a Venetian barge at one end gave distance to it. Between courses, a group of Italian "street" singers wandered among the diners playing stringed instruments, highlighted by a soft Alabama moon.

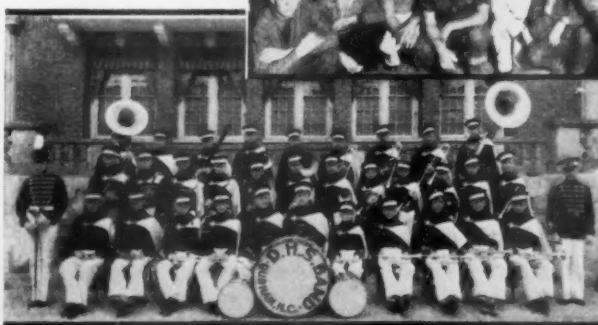
### Beautification Campaign

SLATON, TEX.—With the slogan "Make Slaton Clean and Beautiful," members of the local Rotary club recently launched a carefully planned campaign for community improvement. Preceding the meeting at which plans were endorsed by representative business men and club women, Slaton's band marched through the streets with a huge banner bearing the campaign slogan. The work to be encouraged includes park and highway improvement, well cared for cemeteries, beautiful gardens and yards, the removal of unsightly buildings, the cleaning up of vacant lots, and painting and repairs.

### Gavel Will Tour District

SHAMOKIN, PA.—For the purpose of promoting inter-club visits, members of the Rotary Club of Shamokin propose to establish a Paul Harris goodwill gavel in honor of the founder. The club plans to use this gavel for a brief time, and then to deliver it to a nearby club for similar service. Members of the second club will in turn deliver it personally to another neighboring club, and so on, until the entire district has

*Two crowds of good fellows came together when San Bernardino, Cal., Rotarians visited CCC boys in City Creek camp. For visitors there were dinner and entertainment.*



been covered. The district governor will then pass the gavel along to another district, for a similar tour.

### Supervise Youth Activities

TOLEDO, OHIO.—At a recent meeting of the Boys Work Committee of the Toledo Rotary Club the following activities were included in a report of the year's work. Over 600 books were collected for the Newsboys' Association. A large number of members had served as counselors to high school boys regarding their vocations. Some progress was made on the possibility of getting a new juvenile detention home and, though not yet assured of success, the Toledo Rotary Club has been working with other associations to put into effect in the county juvenile court various recommendations of the National Probation Association.

### Aid Deaf and Crippled

COVINGTON-HOT SPRINGS, VA.—No appeal for assistance which the county agent has made to Rotarians of Covington-Hot Springs has gone without careful and unselfish attention. Because of his work in the rural districts, the county agent, who is also a Rotarian, has happened upon many cases of crippled children all of which have been cared for by the local Rotary club. In his 4-H work one day, the agent discovered two girls who were deaf and dumb. Rotarians investigated the girls, arranged for tonsil operations, and then had them enrolled in the Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind where they were outstanding students.

### 10,000 Garments for Needy

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Through its "Share Your Clothes" campaign the Springfield Rotary Club has collected and distributed nearly 10,000 articles of clothing.

### Essay Contest on Rotary Motto

WEBSTER, MASS.—Webster Rotarians, before the close of the school year, sponsored an essay contest among high school seniors for the best composition on the theme, "He Profits Most Who Serves Best." Prize winners were asked to read their own essays at the presentation meeting.

### "Talking Book" for Blind

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—A "talking book," recently presented to an association for the blind by Watertown Rotarians, has enabled the secretary to demonstrate the instrument before various clubs and societies, with the result that four additional books have been donated.



*The Rotary Club of Durham, N. C., reached one of the goals it set for itself recently when it presented the Central High School band with the new uniforms seen in picture at left.*



### Assist Hard of Hearing

ORLANDO, FLA.—Members of the Orlando Rotary Club throughout the year coöperate closely with a local League for the Hard of Hearing. Two children, thus handicapped, are given special attention by the Rotary club each year.

### Training for Citizenship

WEST ORANGE, N. J.—For a number of years the West Orange Rotary Club, and other civic organizations have coöperated with the local Y. M. C. A. in training men and women of "foreign" birth for citizenship. This year under the leadership of the Community Service Committee of the West Orange Rotary Club, the organizations sponsored a class initiation of 1,148 persons, at which citizenship certificates were presented.

### Concert Proceeds Go to Hospital

PORTLAND, ORE.—A check for more than \$2,000, the proceeds of a concert sponsored by the Portland Rotary Club, will enable a local hospital for cripples to supply corrective apparatus for children in the institution.

### Appropriation for Playgrounds

BALTIMORE, MD.—Because of the militant interest of Baltimore Rotarians in suitable playgrounds, city authorities have appropriated \$4,500 for the improvement of schoolyard play equipment and grounds.

### Talk to Graduates

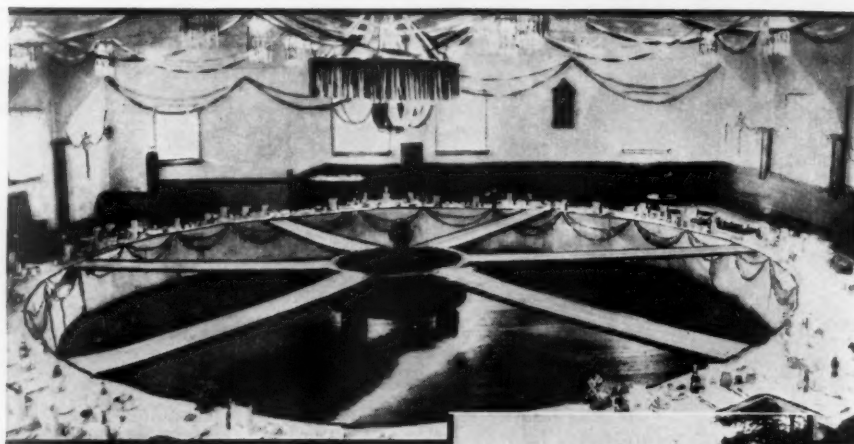
CALAIS, ME.—Each boy who graduated from a local high school or the academy last spring has had an opportunity to talk to some member of the Calais Rotary Club about the fields in which he is most interested.

### Recognition for Boys Work

WALLA WALLA, WASH.—Schoolboys and citizens alike rejoiced when members of the Walla Walla Rotary Club recently presented Member Will Sterling with a desk pen set because of his outstanding work in behalf of boys.

### Stage Round Table Program

COUNCILS BLUFFS, IA.—Council Bluffs Rotarians attending the International Round Table program at Detroit last year memorized the principal talks and so were able to re-stage a word for word account of the whole proceed-



ings, eight members assuming the rôles of the eight participants in the Round Table. So successful was this that they were asked to present the same program at the conference of the 19th District at Lincoln, Nebraska, this spring. Omaha Rotarians, deeply impressed, recently invited the Council Bluffs club to present the same program at Omaha.

### Hold Cripples Clinic

ASHEBORO, N. C.—Seventy crippled children were examined in a clinic recently held by the Asheboro Rotary Club. Rotarians of Liberty coöperated in conducting the examinations.

### Ham What Was

RICHMOND, MO.—Rotarians of Richmond recently enjoyed a feast of Richmond, Kentucky's sugar-cured ham, because they defeated the Kentuckians in an attendance contest.



### Library for Scouts

AMARILLO, TEX.—A \$400 library, to be established in Scout headquarters, is the goal of Amarillo Rotarians. Each civic club in Amarillo is being asked to secure an average of 25 cents per member as a contribution. The Amarillo Rotary Club has already given a substantial amount to start the project.

### 36,000 Use Playground

MIAMI, FLA.—When a survey made by the Boys Work Committee last year revealed a lack of playground facilities, Miami Rotarians contributed over \$364 for a playground location. City authorities were persuaded to add \$2,000 worth of play equipment. More than 36,000 children used the playground last summer, and the Juvenile Court reported but a few delinquencies in this area.

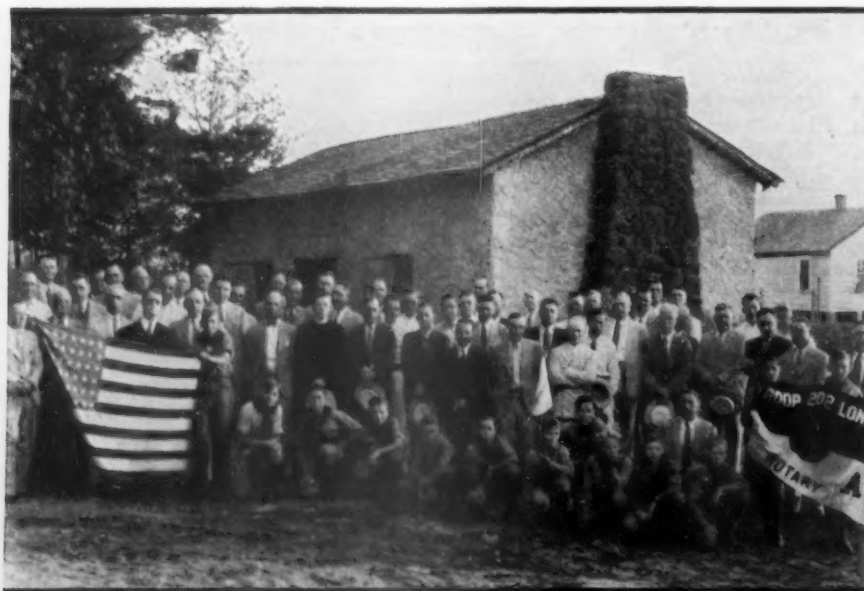
### Plant Shrubbery

OBERLIN, KANS.—Shrubbery has been planted on a prominent street by Oberlin Rotarians. Boy Scouts are taking care of it during the summer.

### Photo Contest for Campers

RICHMOND, VA.—An added feature this year at a camp for boys held by the Richmond Rotary Club is a photo contest. Prizes are being given for the best pictures taken each week, and a grand prize is offered for the best picture taken during the camp season.

Scouts in Longview, Texas, dreamed about a lodge with a fireplace and a birch interior. Rotarians made the dream come true by donating all labor and materials for that lodge, the dedication of which is shown here.





# Rotary Hourglass

*Items of Rotary interest about Rotarians and their activities.*

**On Rotary.** Paul P. Harris, founder and president emeritus of Rotary International, has another book to his credit. It is called "This Rotarian Age," and is published by Rotary International, and costs \$1.50. It is source material of prime importance to anyone who would better understand Rotary, how it originated, how it developed.

**Bill Quintuplets.** Out of a membership of twenty-seven, the Rotary Club of Sidney, Nebr., has five Bills. They are Bill Winders, hardware; Bill Kahse, minister; Bill Wehmiller, credit bureau; Bill Heckethorn, plumbing; Bill Johnson, insurance. And there's not a debit among 'em!

**Club-to-Cup.** Probably you, gentle reader, have blissfully assumed that there is no hierarchy of rank among members of that ultra-ultra of exclusive circles, THE ROTARIAN'S Hole-in-One-Club. But there is. Not only are there



*Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Duncan, of Humboldt, Ia., wedded fifty years. He helped organize the Humboldt club in 1924, and hasn't missed a meeting.*

the super-supers who have made two, three, and possibly four holes-in-one, but there is the Distinguished Order of Club-to-Cuppers. To date, only one member has qualified for honors, so far as is known. He is W. S. Gray, of Toronto, Canada. It was in April, 1918, at the Wascana Country Club that he shot a ball which "descended in its flight into the hole, becoming wedged between the edge of the cup and the flag pole."

**R.I.B.I. for 1935-36.** Officers of Rotary International: Association for Britain and Ireland, for the year 1935-36 are: President, Edwin Robinson (fruit distributing), Sheffield; vice presidents, G. M. Verrall Reed (building materials distributing), London; and Percy H. W. Almy (general law practice), Torquay; treasurer, J. H. B. Young (accountancy), Canterbury; and directors, T. A. Warren (education-general administration), Wolverhampton; T. D. Young (linen distributing), Newcastle-upon-Tyne;



*A candid picture of some Arizona Rotarians in a not altogether formal moment.*

Charles E. White (china and glass), Belfast, Ireland; William B. Hislop (engraving), Edinburgh, Scotland; William A. Nixon (accountancy), Manchester; Charles Carter (highway construction), London. The immediate past-president is Fred W. Gray (boot distributing), Nottingham.

**C. of C. Honors.** Rotarian Allan J. Payne, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Slaton, Tex., and of the local Rotary club, was adjudged the "outstanding chamber of commerce secretary" by the West Texas Regional Chamber of Commerce. Slaton, it will be recalled, through the hands of R. A. Baldwin, supplied the first-prize winning article in THE ROTARIAN'S "What Rotary Means to My Town" contest, published in the June issue.

**Mayors.** Three Rotarians have served Saskatoon, Canada, as mayor: John W. Hair, G. Wesley Norman, and Robert M. Pinder, present incumbent.

**Another Rotary Family.** "How," writes Ernest A. Fessenden, of Wakefield, Mass., "is this for a Rotary family? My father-in-law, Charles E. Walton, is vice president of our Wakefield club; his son, which makes him my brother-in-law, Edward H. Walton, is president of the club at Flemington, N. J. I have a brother, Dr. Charles Wendell W. Fessenden, of Beverly, Mass., who is a member of the club in his city. Lastly, I have the honor of being a past president of my club." If the opening question was intended to be put to THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD, the answer is: *Excellent!*

**Honor Newsmen.** It's a bit late, especially for newspapermen's news, but 'tis a fact none the less that three Rotarian publishers were cited for high honors in the tenth annual contest sponsored by the National Editorial Association, at New Orleans. They are: John L. McCarty, *Dalhart (Tex.) Texan*, for community service, daily division; J. O. Emmerich, *McComb (Miss.) Enterprise*, for editorial page; Paul Poynter, *St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times*, for most outstanding edition, daily division.

**Fire.** Tucked away, by this time, in the files of the Secretariat is a certain letter from William H. Schneller, of Catasaquua, Pa., now

immediate past governor of the 50th District. It tells of a fire in the Rajah Temple, in Reading, which interrupted the district banquet, attended by 1,300 people. A crossed wire in a motor attached to a suction fan had started the blaze. A calm announcement met with a calm reception, everyone remaining seated while the fire was extinguished. In a motion picture theater next door, however, similar word was followed by a stampede to the door in which several people were more or less injured.

**Smoki Tribe.** A weird Indian ceremony, conceived in a spirit of burlesque fourteen years ago by white people at Prescott, Ariz., has become a serious thing. The actors, emulating the Hopi snake dance, soon became intensely interested in the deeper significance of the ceremony, organized to dramatize the traditions, ceremonies, and chants of the redmen. The "Smoki" tribe, which now numbers several Rotarians, is the result. Actual snakes, but not rattlers, are used in the unique, annual affair.

**Beat This?** K. M. "Ken" Regan, member of the Rotary Club of Pecos, Tex., is a state senator, and at the last session was elected president *pro-tempore*. It fell his lot to introduce and sponsor a bill regulating and authorizing appropriation of Colorado River water among Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas. While Governor Allred was absent, Lieut. Governor Woodal became acting governor, and



*Senator and Mrs. K. M. Regan*

Senator Regan acting lieutenant governor. Thus, it happened that he signed his own bill. The next day when Acting Governor Woodal had crossed the state line into Oklahoma, Senator Regan, by virtue of Texas constitution, became acting governor—and approved his own bill!

**Chamber Men.** Someone has checked up and reports that on the list of officers and directors of the United States Chamber of Commerce are these Rotarians: Vice presidents—Joseph W. Evans, Evans and Co., Houston, Tex.; William Butterworth, chairman of board, Deere and Co., Moline, Ill.

Treasurer—Robert V. Fleming, Washington, D. C.

Directors—W. Dale Clark, president, Omaha National Bank, Omaha, Nebr.; Fred H. Clausen, president, Van Brunt Manufacturing Co., Horicon, Wis.; Lee J. Dougherty, president, Guaranty Life Insurance Co., Davenport, Ia.; Homer Gard, president, Journal Publishing Co., Hamilton, Ohio; Arthur M. Hill, president, Atlantic Greyhound Lines, Charleston, W. Va.; William G. Irwin, president, Irwin-Union Trust Co., Columbus, Ind.; James F. Owens, president, Oklahoma Gas & Electric Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.; Fred W. Sargent, president, Chicago & North Western Railway, Chicago; Thomas J. Strickler, vice president and general manager, Kansas City Gas Co., Kansas City, Mo.; O. S. Warden, editor and publisher, *Great Falls Tribune*, Great Falls, Mont.

**Revere, Dorrs, Dawes.** William Dawes (ancestor of "Hell'n Maria") "was the man who really did the job," not William Dorrs, and not Paul Revere, writes Phil Browning, of New Haven, Conn., apropos the recent item on the modern Paul Riviere (Revere), a Rotarian at Teaneck, N. J. Enclosed with Phil's letter is the following, "written with apologies to Paul Revere, Henry W. Longfellow, and Ralph Waldo Emerson":

Listen my comrades, one seldom hears  
Of another ride than Paul Revere's,  
On the eighteenth of April, seventy-five,  
Though a number of us are still alive,  
Who know what happened that memorable year.  
Said William Dawes to his friend Revere:  
"If the British ride from the town tonight  
I too will ride and spread the alarm,  
On highway, through village, and out on the farm,  
For the lover of country to wake and to arm."  
So saying he watched for the signal light  
And boldly rode forth into the night;  
What happened that night we know full well,  
For the poet-historian failed not to tell  
How the voice of the horseman was heard in the land  
And the patriots all rallied the foe to withstand.  
When the dawn of the nineteenth of April appeared  
Over Concord and Lexington, many were cheered  
To see how each minute-man stood at his post  
Defense of his fireside and rights were his boast.  
We imagine Will Dawes cried out "Hell'n Maria,"  
"You have seen the whites of their eyes, why not fire?"  
And then was our glorious banner unfurled,  
And the shots were fired, heard 'round the world.  
P. E. B.

**Hail!** A hearty greeting to these recently elected clubs of Rotary International:

Castroville, Cal., U. S. A.; Oldbury, England; Chateauroux, France; Limache, Chile; Waterloo, Ill., U. S. A.; Fusan, Chosen, Japan; Dandenong, Australia; Salmon, Ida., U. S. A.; Gloucester City, N. J., U. S. A.; Roudnice, Czechoslovakia; Poprad, Czechoslovakia; Belding, Mich., U. S. A.; Nicholasville, Ky., U. S. A.; Victoria de Las Tunas, Cuba; Vicenza, Italy; Baracoa, Cuba; Wolfville, N. S., Canada; Rowley Regis, England; Uttoxeter, England; Ashland, Neb., U. S. A.; Nuevitas, Cuba; Jefferson, Wis., U. S. A.; Liberty, Mo., U. S. A.; Arvika, Sweden; Artemisa, Cuba; Palma Soriano, Cuba; Holley, New York, U. S. A.; The Boundary, Rock Island, Que., Canada; Puerto Padre, Cuba; Jovellanos, Cuba; Pikesville, Md., U. S. A.; Hjørring, Denmark; Parkin, Ark., U. S. A.; Castlemaine, Australia; Glace Bay, Nova Scotia,



Canada; Gifu, Japan; Tokushima, Japan; Kanazawa, Japan; Yerington, Nev., U. S. A.; Oskarshamn, Sweden; Prerov, Czechoslovakia; Prostějov, Czechoslovakia; College Park, Md., U. S. A.

**Secretaries' Lament.** Breathes there a Rotary club secretary who never to himself has said, in sentiment at least:

If he writes a letter,  
It's too long.  
If he sends a postcard,  
It's too short.  
If he goes to a committee meeting,  
He's butting in.  
If he stays away,  
He's a shirker.  
If the members at a meeting are thin,  
He should have called the members up.  
If he calls them up,  
He's a pest.  
If he duns a member for his dues,  
He's insulting.  
If he does not collect the dues,  
He's lazy.  
If a meeting is a howling success,  
The entertainment committee is praised.  
If it's a failure  
The Secretary is to blame.  
If he asks for suggestions,  
He's incompetent.  
If he doesn't ask,  
He's bull headed.  
Ashes to ashes,  
Dust to dust,  
If others won't do it  
Then the Secretary Must.

It's a poem from L. A. L. Moore of the Rotary Club of Tientsin, China. . . Secretaries have their tribulations, but Man Oh Man! what'd we do without 'em!

**Age . . . Youth . . . Another veteran of the Civil War in Rotary is "Captain Ben" M. Robinson, 88, of Orlando, Fla. He served under the Stars and Bars . . . Jack Geiger, of Sumner, Washington, 21, with three years of Rotary service already behind him.**

*Here's an over-size model of the spoon Rotarians of Anniston, Alabama, presented to Harry M. Ayers, past president, when recently he became the proud papa of a son and heir.*

**Texas' Youngest.** The most youthful Rotary club president in Texas for the past year, so 'tis said, is James Kurk Evetts, of Belton. He is now twenty-six, and during his five years in Rotary has been program chairman, director, treasurer, and vice president as well as president. Since his term as president ended, he again is on the board of directors.

**Honors.** Dr. John B. LaDue, premier bowler of the Chicago Rotary Club, has been elected president of the Chicago Dental Society, to take office in May, 1936. His son, John Jr., is a new member of the Rotary Club of Lima, Ohio, having until recently been a Rotarian at Danville, Ill.

**Fifty Years.** Half a century ago, a sixteen-year-old boy began his career with an abstract firm at Belleville, Ill. Since that day, he has continued in this line of work, supplemented by a rare service to his community. The June ROTARIAN carried his picture, noting that he had maintained a perfect Rotary attendance for fifteen years. He is Henry C. G. Schrader . . . Numerous are the vocational, public, and civic offices he has held, ranging from special chief of police, when the overflowing Mississippi menaced the district, to personal representative of the presidents at Boy Scout ceremonies. And, withal, as the local press recently observed, "he is probably the most widely known abstract and title man in the state."

**Six Presidents.** The Rotary Club of St. Joseph, Mo., has had six presidents of national organizations, two of them still holding office. They are:

William Goetz: president, American Brewers' Association since 1933.

Walter Kimball: president, American Optometric Association 1925-27. He was also the sixteenth president of the St. Joseph Rotary Club, 1926-27.

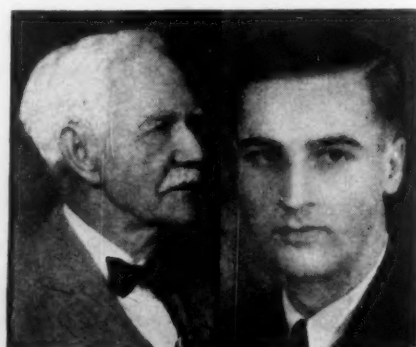
Harry Herschman: president, American Warehousemen's Association, 1929-30; also the eighteenth president of the club for the year 1928-29.

William Bodenhausen: president, National Retail Clothiers' Association, 1918; also the first president of the St. Joseph Rotary Club, 1911-12.

Samuel Hotchkiss: president, National Association of Builders' Exchange, 1929; also Rotary president No. 23, 1933-34.

B. W. Murphy: present president, Society of American Florists and Ornamental Horticulturists.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD



# Our Readers' Open Forum

[Continued from page 2]

to put the railways back on their feet is to cut the wages of railway employees. I am engaged in business in a railway town and have been for many years. During all of my experience, I have never witnessed any good in a wage cut for railway employees. Just the contrary has been the result.

The first to be hit by a wage cut of this kind, beyond the employee, is the business man. When wages are cut, railway employees must of necessity curtail their purchases. This, in turn, cuts down the merchant's purchases. The cycle reaches the manufacturer, finally, and reduces his output and his labor requirements.

Much time and space were devoted by Mr. Dunn to a comparison of railroad operations and earnings under government control in 1919 and under private management in 1933. I wonder why he failed to mention *why* it was necessary for the government to take over the railways during the world war. The fact is that the railways broke down under the strain of war days, and the government was forced to take them over for the protection of the country.

Mr. Dunn also lays much stress upon the financial showing of the railways now as compared with that of 1919. No fair comparison can be made as conditions are anything but similar. In 1919 there were over two million employees working on the railways, and in 1933 there were approximately one million. Thus the huge savings in labor expense extolled by Mr. Dunn threw a million railway employees out of work and into the bread lines.

If the railways had been managed as any other ordinary business, they could have paid off all, or at least part of their indebtedness during the fat years and would thereby have reduced their "fixed charges," thus eliminating the present source of complaint.

Would it not be much better, in the end, for the railways to take advantage of existing laws to put their worthless bonds and stocks through the federal wringer and squeeze out the water. Or is it better to try to continue on the present basis of paying a high interest charge on indebtedness incurred years ago for outmoded equipment, for tracks and structures which have been worn out or abandoned, and for mortgages on tracks which have been torn up long ago?

P. G. GUTENSOHN  
Business Man

Whitefish, Montana.

## ... Venturesome Theorist

The debate on government ownership of railroads strikes one on the firing line of railroad operation as a fair example of the difference between the venturesome theorist with nothing at stake and the man of practical experience who has to elbow him aside to make progress.

Senator Wheeler sees much in the present railroad structure to criticize, but fails to show any reasonable grounds for our believing that the government would improve it. His admission that Congress cannot legislate "good sense" into railroad management is, therefore, easily understood.

The senator's inability to cite even one example of government efficiency in handling any business, places him at a big disadvantage as an advocate of government ownership of a complete railroad system.

CHARLES RAITT  
Railway Operation

Richmond, Calif.

## Coincidence . . .

As I finished reading in the June ROTARIAN the two articles on government ownership of railroads and came to the cut at the bottom of page 63 my heart skipped a beat, for I realized that on that engine with the straight smoke-stack is a man who lives next door to me today.

Charles H. Sharman, perhaps the only man of that group alive today, was the construction engineer in charge of the approximately 500 miles of track building from Cheyenne, Wyoming, to what he calls "The Point," where this photograph showing the completion of the first American transcontinental railroad was taken.

Born in Ireland, Mr. Sharman is now 94 years old and just the finest neighbor one could ask for. He is too modest to ever say much about his connection with that job, but when he can be induced to talk of it, one realizes what a piece of work that was.

VICTOR E. RUSSELL, Secretary Rotary Club  
Classification: Insurance

Fayetteville, Ark.

## 'Bruise Easy . . . Heal Quick'

The railroads are not "going to the dogs." What is heard is the "barking" at the railroads which occurs whenever the prosperity moon begins to wane. What big industry in the United States that has not had its Wall Street connections? Isn't the government itself likewise connected? Where else can the financing be done? Why blame the railroads for using the only method provided, as an argument for government ownership?

Why not concentrate on changing the system, if it is wrong? And where can you find a more wasteful system—a more expensive system—of doing business than in the government itself? They bruise easy, but they heal quick—with Uncle's money!

W. E. BABB  
Passenger Traffic Department  
Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Co.  
Chicago, Ill.

## 'No' on Government Ownership

I have carefully read both sides of the debate between Senator Burton K. Wheeler and Samuel O. Dunn, editor of the *The Railway Age*, appearing in the June ROTARIAN, "Railroads: Government Ownership?"

To my way of thinking, the picture is already painted black enough to taxpayers and the public in general, if we study the figures representing the cost of government operation of railroads in the countries of Germany, Italy, and others of Europe, as outlined by the editor of *The Railway Age*. My sincere thought in this matter is that we, as American people, will continue to hold our heads level, and fight against such evils as are confronting the American people today, and as opportunity presents itself, that we talk and vote against it. My answer will always be, No.

J. R. DAVIS, Rotarian  
Classification: Railroad Transportation  
Clearfield, Pa.

## The Taxpayers' Stake

The subject of government ownership of railroads in your June issue is timely and Mr. Dunn has covered his side of the question with his usual efficiency. Senator Wheeler wisely refrains

from attempting to convince us that government ownership is a desirable thing.

The truth is that if we ever have government ownership it will not be because it is considered desirable by any considerable number of people. It will be because a very small minority who wish it will have succeeded in wrecking by political attack the companies who own the roads.

Railroads are constantly on the defensive in every capital. Legislation to injure them is always being pressed. Hundreds of laws have been passed that serve no public interest but make railroad operation unnecessarily expensive and burdensome.

These things are usually thought of as matters of concern for those engaged in railroading. It would be well if all taxpayers recognized their stake in the situation.

C. A. RADFORD, Rotarian  
Classification: Railroad Transportation  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

## They Eat without Teaching

Answering Dr. Pitkin's first question in the May ROTARIAN, I would say *yes*, there are definite opportunities in the elementary schools for young people who have stayed with the fundamentals. But young teachers today do not know the fundamentals, grammar, arithmetic, spelling, geography. And, notwithstanding the fantastic ideas of the so-called high priests of education, the prime object of the elementary school is, and always will be, to teach the tool subjects, which means the fundamentals.

Much of the time which is being wasted in the elementary school on ideas that have been brought down from the college through the high school to the elementary school, might be, and probably some day will be, devoted to teaching shorthand as well as longhand in the grammar school. I refer to such things as art appreciation which, as Mr. Pitkin says, will be taken over by radio and which, at any rate, is out of place among children until they feel the urge.

Why manual training in elementary schools any more than pedal training to make an all-round man or woman? And what better manual training is there than feeding the face or parting the hair or playing ball or marbles, things children do of their own volition and preference?—Mostly without a teacher.

J. M. HORTON, Rotarian  
Dist. Supt., Union Grammar School  
Fillmore, Calif.





## I Like Americans

[Continued from page 9]

not. You may know him for ten years, but you will never learn this directly from himself. The direct approach, the plain statement, the admission of personal liking—all of them American traits—he regards as bad taste.

Another false idea so often presented by some American magazines and all American films is that not only political life but all American life is corrupt; that all American business is crooked; and that all American business men are engaged, not in business but in trying to crush each other out of business. Again my experience differs. Some of the most pleasant of my encounters have been with American business men on business. They bring to it a courtesy and ease that are the antithesis of the word *business* and that make the whole thing more agreeable than many purely social occasions. And I have never found them anything but open and straightforward.

Some business men will offer a low price for a thing, and then, after bargaining, take it at a much higher price, the price they all along were ready to pay. I find that the American business man always says at the start just what he means, and means what he says. If he names a price, that is the price he is prepared to pay. That and no other; and I have always found that whatever arrangement he makes is scrupulously kept. Why do we never see this American business man in American films?

My one exception to the general American charm is The American Boy. I don't understand Junior. I don't know why he is allowed to be. I can only suppose that it is the native geniality of the American people which prevents them from drowning him at birth. We here are not so lenient, and The American Boy abroad invites sudden death every hour of his day. I have heard hall-porters, waiters, desk-clerks, and diners in restaurants utter such imprecations upon The American Boy that I wonder the youngster hasn't withered where he stood. I may have struck some bad examples, but I have always found him as rude and obnoxious as his sister isn't. And it seems that he is never checked.

It used to be said that the god of America was Big Business and the Dollar. I don't believe it. The god of America, from all my observation, is The American Boy. Wherever he goes he has a genius for making himself the Pest of the Hotel, and his parents blandly let him. In a London West End hotel last summer I

saw an American boy amusing himself by flinging paper darts, with thumb-tack points, all around the lounge, so that they fell on tea-tables and on readers' newspapers. An English boy would not have thought of causing this disturbance in a public place, but if he had thought of it and tried it once, his parents would have swiftly squashed him and removed him from that lounge. The American parents in this case merely smiled. Not one word of reproof was uttered.

Only once did I see an American father reprove Junior. It was in a Piccadilly book-shop where an American boy was stalking about, pulling books from shelves and leaving them on the counter, and plaguing the assistants with a hundred questions which had nothing to do with books. At last Father got him by the shoulder (with less force than an English father would have used) and pushed him to the door: "For pity's sake will you go out and count the taxis!"

Yet perhaps it is this very "spoiling" of the American boy, this complete license to be himself, which produces the frank, direct, and charming American man. And perhaps it is the repression of the English boy in his earliest years which produces the reserved, reticent, and difficult-to-approach Englishman.

Of all the Americans I have met in England, I wonder which of them might be taken as a typical American?

Would Theodore Dreiser be typical? Hardly, I think. Typical, perhaps, of

the American intellectual, though other American intellectuals might deny this; but not typical of the American citizen.

Would it be the Boston professor, more learned, more courteous, and more modest than any Oxford don? Would it be the debonair Frank Crowninshield? Would it be the hobo-author, Jim Tully? Would it be the major from the Spanish-American War, with his calm assumption of America's mission to sit at the top of the world, and his pity for the old museum-countries of Europe?

Would it be the East Side store-clerk with his kindly but rough manners, his outspoken comments on one's household appointments, and his honest but startlingly personal questions? Or would it be the Middle-West family—father, mother and daughter—of no particular position, with no particular qualities of mind, and no special achievements to their credit, but with warm hearts, genial outlook and no pretense of being anything they really were not.

I don't know, and perhaps it is idle to inquire. For to isolate the Typical American is really as difficult as to isolate the Typical European. America, like Europe, is a continent, and though politically it is a nation, biologically it is, like Europe, a collection of racial states and widely differing peoples for whom it is almost impossible to find a common denominator. But if it were possible, the Typical American would, I am sure, possess two agreeable features—frankness of manner and sympathetic charm. Unless, of course, the Typical American turned out to be The American Boy.

## Uncovering Ancient Ostia

[Continued from page 39]

asked: How did this large city disappear and how do you account for its being partly revived at the present time?

Two causes brought about the end of Ostia. First was the decadence of Rome which, in the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era, caused the abandonment of its harbor, no longer necessary for the food requirements of a once great city. The second cause was the proximity of the sea which, after having made the fortune of Ostia, hastened its ruin and depopulation, because through Ostia passed nearly all the thieves attracted to plunder the riches of Rome. Thus, without any violent catastrophe, Ostia, then left all alone, experienced destruction and plunders by the barbarians. Atmospheric elements completed the work of destruction by sun-dering the walls and burying the first

stories of the buildings by their force.

That is why Ostia, which had not been buried all at once like Pompeii nor shaken violently by earthquakes, remained during the Middle Ages to testify to its past splendor, attracting marble searchers and treasure hunters. In 1910 the Italian government initiated systematic and steady excavations, which I have been fortunate in following from the start and in directing for many years.

And it is only these excavations, carried out with the aid of the present improvements of archaeological science, that have revealed to the world a city of vital importance to a knowledge of the legend and life of ancient Rome. And as ancient Ostia is returning to the light, even its beautiful sea shore wants to revive the olden times when a crown of sumptuous residences adorned it.

# \$300 in Cash for Best Photos

**C**AMERA fans, take notice! You still have plenty of time to enter THE ROTARIAN'S Fourth Annual Vacation Photo Competition. Here is your opportunity to win one of the twenty grand cash prizes which total \$300. This year's contest, which is divided into two groups—human interest and scenic, is especially attractive to the amateur. For each group the following prizes will be awarded: first, \$50; second, \$35; third, \$20; fourth and fifth, \$10 each, and five honorable mention prizes of \$5 each.



Two popular entries in the 1934 contest: (above) "Dinner Is Served" by Thomas R. Tillott, Schenectady, N.Y., unusual for its human interest; "A Desert Sentinel at Sunset" by Bert Huntoon, Bellingham, Wash.

## The Rules of the Contest

- (1) The competition is limited to Rotarians and their immediate families (wives, sons, and daughters only).
- (2) Each photo submitted should have plainly written on the back: the title, the kind of camera and film used, and the name and address of the contestant. If not a Rotarian, state relationship.
- (3) Contestants may enter as many photos as they like.
- (4) Photos must be received by THE ROTARIAN not later than September 15, 1935. An extension to October 5, 1935, will be allowed to contestants from outside the United States and Canada.
- (5) Contestants desiring to have their photos returned should have them accompanied with sufficient postage.

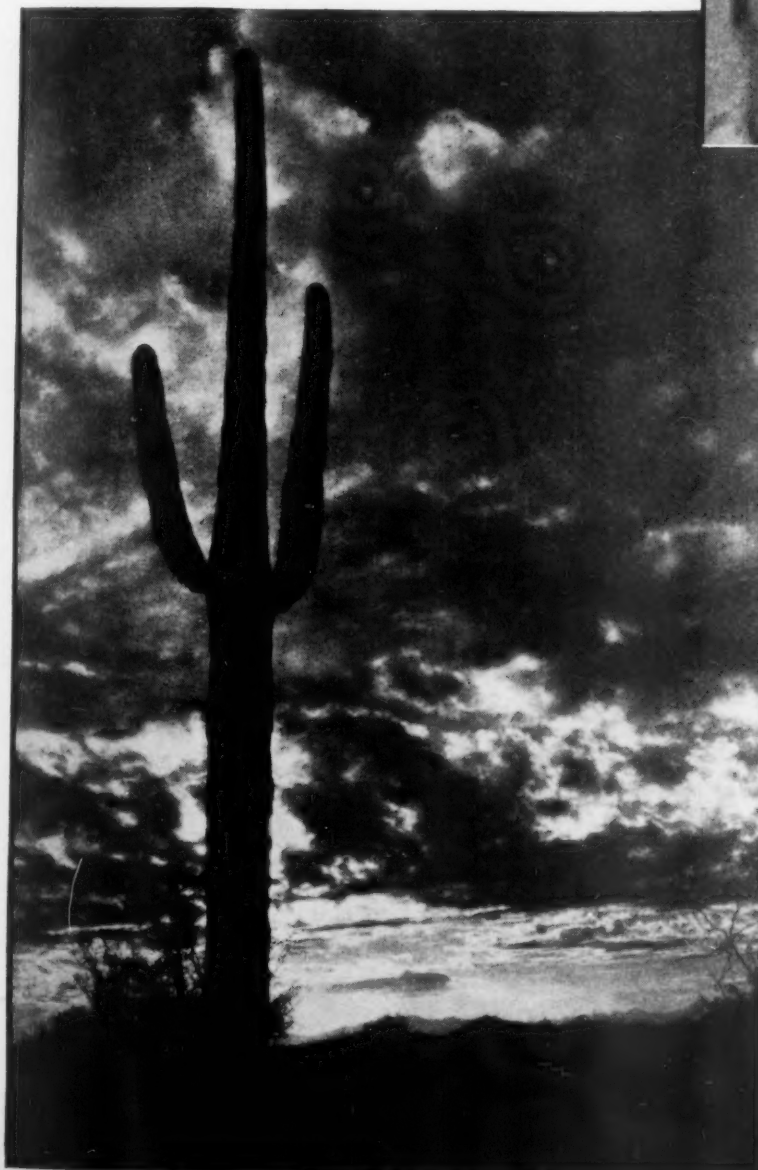
*All possible care will be exercised in handling photos, but no responsibility will be assumed by THE ROTARIAN Magazine for loss or damage to prints submitted.*

Why not enter your human interest and scenic photos now? The simplest may be the winner. Address all entries, etc., to:

*The Contest Editor*

# THE ROTARIAN

35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.



## Youth Sizes Up Its Elders

By Malcolm Thomas-Peter

**A**FTER high school graduation, what? Is there any hope for me, or for thousands like me, after the university course? Not much, if things keep on as they are. Next year there'll be another 100,000 unemployed in Canada, when the senior varsity classes graduate. We are in a jam, and I just want to show you the way I and many others look at this situation.

Three years ago, we heard a lot about Technocracy, about what machines could do for us, the tremendous strides made in engineering. An example of this progress is a machine in the Chicago stockyards which takes charge of the carcass of a pig, scalds and removes the bristles in one section, cuts up the carcass in the next, divides the meat from the bones, grinds it up, prepares sausage skins, and turns out sausages ready for cooking, while the bones and bristles are carefully collected—all by machinery, for their separate uses. It is said that the efficiency has reached such a point that if the sausages are not up to standard they are put back, the machine reversed, and the pig walks out at the other end!

But seriously, have all our mechanical advancements bettered our living conditions? Mr. Austin Freeman, in his book, *Social Decay and Regeneration*, thinks not. I quote him as follows:

Before the advent of mechanical power, handicraft met demand as it arose. Shoes, furniture, clothing, etc., were made for the individual. Then came James Watt and his steam-engine. The machine developed according to its own laws regardless of the needs and conveniences of man. Very soon it had supplied the original demand and ousted the craftsman. But still production continues to increase. The relations of supply and demand have become inverted. Under the old regime the problem was to supply consumers with commodities. The problem now is to supply commodities with consumers.

Thus reasons Mr. Austin Freeman. In other words, for decades after machines were invented, they were allowed to run without social control. Mr. Freeman is right: machines did run without regard for man's wants—for the simple reason that they were run by the few in the interests of the few—instead of by society in the interests of all. It is a system wherein, as far as I can see, everyone is out to cheat everyone else. Where does the machine come in in this orgy of cheating? Well, in our present industrial system it seems to cheat the consumer of food by overproduction, and the employee of work by mechanization. Contradictory

as it may sound, the surplus of goods only makes matters worse by stopping some of those self-same machines from producing.

This excess capacity for production now lying idle represents a loss of time and energy involved in its production. The public which buys the output of the active portion of an industry is compelled to pay the carrying charges of the idle portion. The unfortunate part is that a large proportion of that capacity which lies idle or unemployed must be thought of in human terms.

Millions of people are without work owing to overproduction, or, rather, lack of consumer buying-power. If the produced goods cannot be bought, industries must release men, who, in consequence of that situation, are unable to find employment. This is the explanation of the futile economic madhouse in which we live.

**L**ET me bring to your attention something which we call the result of overproduction but which is really the result of the innate greed of man fostered by the present economic system. For instance, they're burning coffee in Brazil when Alberta housewives boil dandelion roots for a very inferior beverage. In some places they pour milk down sewers while children go undernourished. There are people begging for worn clothing while our factories produce enough for all. They dumped hogs into the Mississippi and fruit into the rivers of British Columbia, just to keep up the price while people starved in our streets. Men ride the rods under empty Pullmans. People sleep on park benches while there are too many houses for rent. Young men and women go from the college to the breadline because former college students have contributed too much to society.

This, then, is what the machine has done to us on the material side of life. Is it any wonder that we have some 1,000,000 on relief in Canada out of a population of 10,000,000?

But there is another side. There is an effect on the mind and character of the human being. I am thinking of the demoralizing effect on humanity which issues from the fear of unemployment. To demonstrate this fact I shall take you back to old Rome. As you all know, Rome also had her unemployment troubles. After the second Punic Wars, from 218 to 202 B.C., the yeomanry—the small



*Malcolm, son of Rotarian Thomas-Peter, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, and the trophy he won for his high school oration presented in these columns.*

farmers who had been the backbone of the country—lost their lands through debt and drifted to the city where they joined the breadlines. When the Gracchi tried to restore them to the land, a great difficulty arose. The yeomanry were no longer adapted to the land; they had settled into a rut and wanted to stay in Rome and go on with the bread and the circuses. That is what will happen in this age if we are not very careful. Our unemployed will become reconciled to their lot, and will soon lose their adaptability as the Roman unemployed did.

Such absurdities and such contradictions as have been pointed out are due to the lack of harmony and equilibrium amongst our existing systems. Our industrial system doesn't fit in with our political and economic systems. As Stuart Chase says, we are trying to run a dreadnought with a donkey-engine.

**W**E HAVE two alternatives in solving our problem. One is to check our mechanical civilization by scrapping the over-supply of machines and putting a stay on inventive genius. This is out of the question. It is reactionary. Anyone who advocates that admits intellectual bankruptcy; admits that he doesn't believe in progress. The other choice is to use the machine to serve the means of man and so meet both the problems of overproduction and unemployment.

With regard to overproduction I am going to state a few facts from which the solution becomes clear. In the first place, I wish to point out that overproduction,



in the real sense of the word, cannot exist when there are people in need. In other words, our so-called "over-production" is really a lack of buying-power, and it is this that we must combat. And in the second place, if we distribute the surplus among the needy, it becomes manifest that both surplus and needy disappear.

Closely allied to this problem of so-called overproduction is the present, ever increasing, problem of unemployment. I should like to point out that I am not personally concerned whether or not the

machine comes to do our physical work; if it does, all well and good; we would be able to complete production and distribution in a shorter time and have each man working only four hours a day. There are a lot of trades in which people work overtime. Why not distribute the unemployed among these trades? I am asked, "Where will the money come from?" Frankly, I don't know. It's not my business to know. That question has been the red herring long enough. I know nothing of the monetary system but I do know this: while there are enough resources

and labor to make food and clothing in Canada for 100,000,000 there must be enough for 10,000,000.

I am equally uninterested in what political party, if any, makes the change but I am interested in the change. When I am ready to work I want the chance to make a decent living. I don't claim to know enough of economics to solve this problem, but if I were making eight or ten thousand a year as a public servant, I would make it my business to find out whether these reforms can be made, and, if not, why not.

## Is Your Town A Success ?

[Continued from page 12]

could or should be added, your balance sheet will look something like the one shown on this page.

In some such form as this your balance sheet will appear, changing from day to day, as items are added at the end of one column or the other. It is not, however, strictly a balance sheet. As has been said, the items do not cancel one another. Its purpose is to show what is missing from your community, the advantages listed being merely to give you the consolation of knowing you have something on which to build. Not all cities can make as favorable a showing as this.

Having made your survey, and thus secured a formidable list of objectives, then what? This list is now your program for civic betterment. You have become one of those cities aiming at the highest possible ideal, a desirable place in which to live. You have joined the great movement, which is destined to be a significant feature of the next hundred years of our history. Having learned what your community lacks, the next step is to supply it. The process will take years. It will absorb the energies, imagination, and enthusiasm of every man, woman, and child in your community who desires a full, beautiful and satisfying life. Some of the reforms can be accomplished in a few months, or even a few weeks. Some will be corrected by sheer publicity. But others will take as long as for your present school children to grow to maturity.

But it can be done. The larger the community, the more difficult the task, both because of sheer bulk, and because it is harder to whip up public spirit in a big city. But on the other hand, there is Chicago, one of the largest in the country, with almost insurmountable obstacles to overcome, whose progress in making itself over arouses the enthusiasm of the most indifferent.

One serious obstacle which may be en-

countered and must be met is the domination of the town by a group or one man, who by politics, control of real estate, the implements of production or publicity, has become a boss, and uses his power to further his own selfish ends and opposes the enlightened development of the community when it conflicts with his interests. The profits to political bosses come from conditions unfavorable to the best interests of a community, as a rule, and sooner or later, there is bound to be a break. The best method of attack is organizing public opinion by enlisting the neutral and indifferent who have been so far content to let well enough alone.

Sometimes the politicians are open to conviction, and can be sold the idea of a better city, and enrolled on the side of civic improvement, at least as long as their vested grafts are unaffected. It is good diplomacy to go as far as possible along this way until a movement gets sufficient headway to run on its own momentum. And then, when the break comes, fight.

It is wise, however, to avoid the word 'reform.' The reformer is in bad odor in this country. He is popularly conceived as a visionary and impractical dreamer, which he often is. In many instances where a reform government has come into power in our cities, it has been enthusi-

### BALANCE SHEET

#### OF AN IMAGINARY CITY OF 30,000 INHABITANTS

##### Physical and Social Assets and Liabilities

Assets	Liabilities
Healthy location	Many ugly buildings, particularly churches
Beautiful surroundings, prairies and groves, remote from large cities	Too many filling stations on best corners
Tree lined streets	Public square unsightly
Three large parks, but outside city limits	Only one small park in city
Good public school system	No zoning or town planning
Several private and parochial schools	No physical improvement organization
College town, with large campus in heart of city	School buildings old and badly arranged
Excellent college library in beautiful and well arranged building	No well-stocked bookstore
Free public library, one of best in the state, with own building	No art gallery
Free kindergarten	No museum
Little theatre	No concern for historical monuments
Attractive picture theatre	Bad city government
Public golf links	No community house
Low living costs	No public playgrounds
Low death rate	Unplanted vacant lots
Good water supply	Stream through town ripped up with concrete, efficient but graceless
Modern sewage disposal plant	No parent-teachers associations
Community center	Soft coal burned
Manual training in schools	Gas works too near civic center
No dirt-making industries	Many streets badly paved
Chamber of Commerce	No milk inspection
Four service clubs	Too many barrooms
Two hospitals	Lack of parking facilities
Good fire department	City governed by political boss
Boy and Girl Scouts	Schools hampered by politics
60% own homes	College not sufficiently appreciated by town
etc., etc.	Many fine old houses allowed to run down
	Residences being driven farther out by need- less encroachment of industries in business district, etc., etc.

*This attractive community house in Lenoir, North Carolina, which Rotarians helped build, goes on the asset side of their town's balance sheet.*

astically thrown out at the next election. An effort to make over a town along better physical and social lines should keep clear of politics, avoid the fixing of any party label. It should be the spontaneous expression of the whole town, its natural desire for making the most of its environment, a common human desire which has nothing to do with politics, religion, social position, or any of the cliques and groups into which a community naturally separates. It is Tom Tiddler's ground, a platform on which the whole town can meet and stand.

This is merely a beginning. It simply shows how to find what things are missing from your community. It does not tell how to obtain them. The methods are as varied as the objectives. You work with the best available human tools, finding the way of least resistance. Cities differ as human beings differ. Each has its own character, its face. And as with those people you know best, you do not see the face as strangers see it. This outside impression should be considered.



You may have grown calloused to conditions that newcomers notice at once. It is important that the visitor should carry away a pleasant impression of the town, that its obvious features should strike him as being agreeable. Ride through city after city in your car. Note how differently they affect you, how quickly you decide whether or not you would wish to live there. And remember others are

applying that test to your community. One thing is certain—if a town does not look like a good place to live in, it isn't. The depression has brought out some of the worst features of municipal life, but it is surprising how well some communities have stood the brunt and still present a smiling face to the wayfarer, and offer the permanent inhabitants some of the amenities of collective living.

## The Everlasting Woman Question

[Continued from page 14]

but it was too good to last. The Turks held on to it in good shape and lost it only last year. But with us, the thing slipped out of our grasp and presently landed us where we are, overwhelmed with women.

It is hard to say where and how it began. Women, it is true, began to vote, about fifty years ago. But that shouldn't have mattered. Who wants to vote, anyway. Then they began to sit in legislatures—but none that ever did was very disturbing. Then women began to come to college, and that *was* disturbing. Yes, I think the colleges began it, that and athletics and the pretty stenographer.

And with that began the great change.

Take the stenographer. Perhaps few people realize that the Victorian stenographer was a rusty old man in a faded black coat, who wrote shorthand on wide sheets of blue foolscap, and transcribed them in longhand in the faultless copperplate handwriting of the day. What chance had he against the beautiful and blooming young stenographer with a rose in her hair, pounding the typewriting machine, and knocking the semicolons all over the room. Spell? Of course she couldn't spell! But that only

meant that the poor "nut" who employed her had to buy her a red-morocco dictionary, and take her out and see if she could spell lunch. What chance against her had the poor, fusty, old creature that she displaced? Not a ghost of one. He was buried so far down that nobody except those of us who are well over half a century old, even suspects his existence.

He went first; and with him the tone and vigor of business. Next went the colleges. The shadow of Eve fell next over them. The girls came in modestly enough, very demure and dressed in the soft colors of the falling leaves to grace our autumn convocations. I remember—it seems a thousand years ago—the dear old chancellor at my college calling them "a soft touch of color." They were soon more than a *touch*. When they came the students began wearing four-in-hand ties and throwing away their celluloid collars. The professors shaved off their long white beards, dropped twenty years, and looked out quite saucily from underneath little straw hats.

All the studies changed. Greek was too hard for the girls. It had to go. Sociology, the science of how to be a

sister, appeared in place of it. In place of metaphysics, the study of the mind, appeared the female counterpart, psychology, the study of some one else's. All these studies had to be made elective, elusive, effusive. Colleges broke out into dancing, banjo playing, play acting. If Eve could come back she'd be well satisfied! But Mrs. Noah, no! She'd take Ham and Shem and Japheth straight out of college and send them to the Ararat Military Academy.

The women, having conquered business and education, then turned to sport, and they turned it upside down. They first took over tennis and a few simple things like that, but their real triumph was in golf. They have practically annexed it. Golf used to be played by rugged Scotsmen on wind-swept dunes, with a clubhouse, like a livery stable, where they kept the refreshments; now it is played on broad lawns of velvet grass, where the ball can't stop if it tries, and with a clubhouse as luxurious as a Circassian harem. But who can doubt that the golfing Scotsmen are the real thing! Look at them. Who could possibly prefer on the links a couple of young girls in short skirts to these real players!

It is, I suppose, impossible to turn back the clock. Having led the women into everything, it is hard to put them out. But the plain truth is that we men do everything better than they do. Take cooking. Compare the cooking of a young bride with the cooking of an old Chinese. No comparison. Compare the work of the old secretary with the young stenographer. Compare their ability in

## These Men!

[Continued from page 16]

all still be living off our men folks.

Then around 1830 a girl called Victoria became Queen of England and ruined every cinch we women had. For the first time in centuries, a really smart woman held about the most important position in the world. (By the way, Dr. Leacock, who *was* Victoria's husband—can you recall?)

Not only was Queen Victoria executive, able, a sound business woman and an industrious worker; she was at the same time a perfect wife and housekeeper, the mother of a large family, and a thoroughly respectable member of the community. This was the first time in history that such a combination had appeared on a large scale. It gave the men ideas. It proved our sex could do both a man's job and a woman's at the same time and do both well.

Until this present *exposé* of mine, I don't think it has ever occurred to the public that Victoria is really the person responsible for the downfall, or up-bounce, as you prefer, of modern woman.

But there is no doubt that she was the first cause of women's so-called freedom. Oh Victoria, Victoria, how could you? If only you could have foreseen the horrible end of it all, with Junior leading grandma to the best cabarets in town. And borrowing a five-spot green-back from her, out of her hard-earned salary, to pay the check afterwards!

Of course, in a way, I don't blame the men for giving us our economic freedom. After all, it wasn't fair for one male to support his wife, his daughters, his mother, her mother, a couple of unmarried sisters, and a stray aunt or two, as frequently happened in those days of yore (not mine!), which Dr. Leacock so plaintively regrets.

**A**ND what's more, I personally can see quite a few advantages in being out in the not-too-blamed-cruel world. One of them is being considered dangerous. Telling a woman she is dangerous is as flattering as telling a man he's so strong.

arithmetic, geometry, logic—they are nowhere. But we let them turn loose this peculiar thing called "sex appeal," all the picture posters, and the Miss Americas, and the Hollywood stuff—and as a result we are rushing headlong towards the silliness of the Middle Ages.

But of course it is too late. We can't get back. The world changes and we change with it.

On one point I must hand it to the doctor. Girls and women have taken the tick out of athletic. But if the dear doctor will give a look at the average golf course this summer I think he'll find he is wrong about the Scotchman's kilt. The average girl golfer has thrown away the kilt itself and all she has left is the shorts that belong underneath it.

**P**ERSONALLY, I think men are all right—if you keep them in their place. They are easily amused, and if you are busy all you have to do is give a man a box of old fishing tackle to unravel and you can then read that brief on your latest law case in peace and quiet. If you want to clean house, just suggest that he needs exercise and hint that he hasn't broken in his new golf shoes yet and just see how interested he'll be in getting away. Then, on the other hand, when he wants something rather difficult, fill his pipe for him, sit on the arm of his chair, bite his ear and call him "mousey." It's a snap.

Men are as transparent as cellophane and as hard to remove, once you get wrapped up in them.

I can't say that I agree with my honored opponent when he claims that men do everything better than we women can. For example, there is chorus work. For years and years I have been advocating a movement to demand bigger and better chorus men—not these cheap light-weights they hand us girls at the average musical show, but you know, something you could get your teeth into!

Male stenographers may, I grant you, be superior—I prefer them myself. But when it comes to cooking, no man knows how to open a can as well as a woman does.

Then take hanging a picture. A man has to have a step-ladder, several sizes of nails, a hammer, a yardstick, and his wife to stand off in the background and tell him when it is in the right spot. The net result is usually an hour's work, a hammered finger, a flock of "cuss"

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words, and the tidying up of the entire room to do.

But mere woman, left alone with the same problem, eyes the spot on the wall where she wants the picture, scratches a mark there with a hair pin, grabs a nail in one hand, takes off one of her slippers with the other, bangs a couple of times with the heel of it, and *voilà!* The picture is hung.

I will admit men are better at making wars than women, but who pulled France "out of the red" that time except Joan of Arc? How about it? And while the boys were better at starting the trouble in the Crimea, who picked up the pieces and put them together again? Only Florence Nightingale. Gee whiz, we women have been picking up after you men ever since the world began, and loving it because it gives us something to grumble about. Men are a destructive lot, but challenging.

A man invented the machine gun, but a woman invented the carpet sweeper. And the more men go on to invent other things to scrap other things, the more women will have to produce inventions to keep the world in order.

For years, we women have tried to stop you men from dropping ashes on

the floor. But now some of us have given up and started dropping our ashes alongside of yours. For still more years, we women have tried to make you men stay home nights, and that didn't work either. So now we go out with you and the sky is the limit when two salaries spend as one.

In short, I guess you men win after all. It's a whole lot more fun to be loved than to be approved of. It's a lot better for both of us to be companions than it was to live in those two old separate worlds—"a man's world" and "a woman's sphere." And if you don't look up to us quite in the way that you used to, well, neither do we look down on you fellows quite in the way we used to, secretly, either. In joining the human race, women have become less critical of unimportant faults and more appreciative of what is admirable in our men.

Naturally, as Dr. Leacock says, it is impossible to turn back the clock, because it is a modern electric self-winding clock attached to the radio. And modern woman has got to accept her fate and realize that it's no good sighing for those lost splendid days of feminine leisure when Helen of Troy was able to make a dunce out of the entire Trojan Army.

## The Crime of Muddy River

[Continued from page 26]

grassy banks and was generally clear. In recent years, engineers, instead of keeping an excess of water out of its tributaries by going upstream to halt the water at its sources, have straightened the channel, removing brush and other impediment. Why? So the muddy water sluicing in from nearby plowed fields will get down to the Mississippi faster than ever—to augment floods in rainy seasons.

Thus does each community "pass the buck" on to the next community downstream. Of course, by the time the muddy flood reaches the fairly large river, the worst damage has been done, and is already irreparable. The all-important job of going upstream and, to a large degree, stopping the *motion of water over dirt*, does not seem to have occurred to many. The chief reason for this ghastly mistake is that engineers, as a rule, have been taught each in his own technique—one for flood control, another for erosion control, another for soil physics, another for irrigation, another for drainage, and so on.

However, there is a large and increasing number of eminent engineers who have caught the larger vision and believe in coordination.

Arthur Huntington, thorough technician, past vice president of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers, after a long and careful study of various phases of flood behavior, said to me:

"No problem is of greater importance to America than the care of her soil. Soil erosion is more than an agricultural problem. It is a factor in domestic and industrial water supply, flood control, river navigation, power development, and, sooner or later, it will enter into the cost of living."

E. E. Blake, when chairman of the Oklahoma State Board of Drainage, Irrigation, and Reclamation Engineers, and also chairman of the Interstate Commission for the Control of the Arkansas and Red Rivers, wrote to me that nearly all streams can be prevented from overflow by the simple expedient of controlled reservoirs on the stream or contributing branches. A reservoir program, which includes chiefly work on the smaller tributaries at their sources, is already under way in his state.

The Harding Reservoir, in Orange County, California, illustrates the whole problem. In October, 1926, the heavy chaparral cover on the watershed was al-

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Soil erosionists have adapted the age-old system of terracing mountain sides used in rice fields in the Philippine Islands to hillsides in the United States. Washing by water is much reduced.



Photo: U. S. Soil Conservation Service

most entirely destroyed by fire, leaving the slopes unprotected. In November, a heavy rain fell during a 24-hour period. Santiago Creek quickly became a turbulent mass of muddy water which contained over sixty per cent of solid matter washed from the burn. The Santa Ana River, which in the past had never had a peak flow of more than 8,000 second-feet during similar rains, showed approximately four times that at the height of the flood. Harding Reservoir was completely filled with rocks, silt, and ashes from the burn, and a deposit of one-half an inch to an inch of this material was left over the entire bed of the Santa Ana River when the flood subsided. After many weeks of shovelling and washing, the capacity of the Harding Reservoir was still less than one-fourth of its original volume.

Other streams in the vicinity, where watersheds were untouched by fire, showed scarcely any rise at all, and the water in all of them was clear throughout the storm.

Here we see a perfect example of the intertwining of the three evils, deforestation, erosion, and flood. The other two, loss of wild life and drouth, can readily be visualized when we think of the disaster spreading over a large area. Was this flood an act of God? Not if a human being threw the match. Drouth-scoured

areas, through destruction of vegetation, are similarly susceptible to the wash of heavy rainfall.

The Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station has proved by erosion tests that grass holds back considerably more rainfall than does plowed ground. Trees, shrubs, and other cover are useful in retarding the ravages of run-off water, especially in reclaiming heavily eroded gulches. Around Bethany, Missouri, and in southern Iowa, a large area is being systematically treated to stop soil erosion. One of the best methods is the terracing of farm land. Terracing, when comprehensively done, is the best preventive of great floods.

In the Piedmont region of North Carolina, experiments show that grass holds back 415 times as much surface soil as is retained on untilled bare ground. Obviously, the water is also held back. This shows the value of a vegetation mat as a retarding agent. And yet, by a scientific system of terracing, more water and soil can be held on the ground in cultivated land than can be held by grass sod. It has been asserted by the experimenters that twenty per cent of the water that now flows into our rivers can be prevented from so doing by terracing and sodding.

This percentage alone, with the whole flow retarded and distributed through

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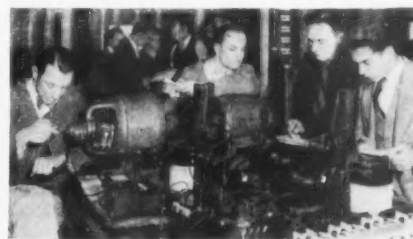
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the year, would easily offset the flood menace. Additional large percentages can be retained by forestation and by the building of dams and small reservoirs and settling basins at the headwaters of tributary streams.

It is estimated by conservative engineers that one cubic mile of the richest soil on earth is washed out of the Mississippi Valley every year, and deposited in the Gulf of Mexico. At a conservative estimate, this is worth \$337,920,000 at present commercial rates. Compare this with the worst Mississippi flood damage in 1927, which, according to the *World Almanac*, was \$270,000,000. Yet we don't seem to think anything about it. We look at muddy rivers with a bland nonchalance as if their turbidity were an act of God, and unpreventable.

**R**IGHT here, it is pertinent to say that the Missouri was called the Big Muddy by the Indians before the white men came, but that is no extenuation, for the white man, with his engineering ability, could make the Big Muddy clear if he would go to its very sources and hold the water in the millions of small gulches, draws, and ravines; if he would terrace the farm land, restore old marshes, reforest the slopes and quit digging open drainage ditches and straightening rivers.

Small settling basins could be created above these millions of small dams, these basins to be drained by tile. This would raise the water table (upper limit of portion of ground wholly saturated with water) in the vicinity because of the slow seepage and the restoration of primeval springs. A part of the water would flow through the tile and create small, clear streams, filtered by the beds of the basins. Thus we would have innumerable creeks of crystal-clear water, running constantly and maintaining the flow of placid clear water in the larger streams and rivers. The fine movable silt would be kept at or near its origin.

Old settlers in the Mississippi Valley testify that when they came to the virgin sod they found innumerable small creeks of clear water, fed by millions of year-round springs, containing fish. When the country was plowed, these creeks changed, and now most of them are dry gullies except during heavy rains, when they become torrents of muddy water.

There is excellent reason to believe that a program of reforestation, terracing, damming of dry watercourses, restoration of grass sod, and consequent raising of the water table which permits the raising of trees, crops, and other cover, would have an effect upon the rainfall—not in total amount, but in distribution.

It is well known that "drouth begets drouth." It is cumulative, for denuded areas become heated and the upward-rising hot air currents prevent precipitation for long periods until at last the "dam breaks" and then there is a pent-up excess of rain or snow.

Trees act as a sponge to hold water and then give it out into the air gradually through their circulatory systems. J. N. Darling, honorary member of the Des Moines Rotary Club, is chief of the Biological Survey and a front-rank wild life conservationist. He is vitally interested in the whole comprehensive program of conservation as indicated hereinbefore, and says:

"The taking of water off the surface of the land with such artificial haste has robbed us of the benefits of the great subterranean water table which should serve as a storehouse in the cycles of excessive drouth. The natural precipitation no longer remains sufficiently long upon the surface of the land to seep down through and replenish the subterranean table supply and that table has been lowered during the last thirty years to a total of 59 feet in some regions of the prairie states. I mean by that that if you are to dig a well you must dig 59 feet deeper into the earth than was necessary in 1900. At one time in the history of the plains states ample water supply was available for those who sank wells at a depth of ten to fifteen feet.

"With water at that depth available for vegetation which might send its roots down to drink, there was a continuous circulation of vapor. The plants picked it up; the leaves gave it off into the atmosphere, and local rains precipitated it again upon the soil. The amount of water which a single tree will thus contribute to the atmosphere in a day is estimated at from one to four tons according to the type of tree. As long as we had a natural vegetation covering the prairie states, there was daily contribution from vegetation to atmosphere."

**M**R. DARLING is concerned over the loss of natural wild life and points out that while one government bureau is trying to establish water-covered preserves, another bureau is draining marshes and lakes. He strongly urges the restoration of these watered areas and the creation of new artificial ones. He believes that the huge reservoir is not the solution and, in fact, may be the cause of destroying wild life and defeating the larger plan of conservation. Because of his efforts, his native state of Iowa now leads the United States in its program of restoration, reforestation, and game preservation.



The great dust storms of the past two summers created "a sign in the heavens" as far east as New York. To those with understanding, those blankets of dust were but a part of the broader problem. The government has started its "tree belt," intended to check winds sweeping over mid-Western prairies, and to mitigate drouths. But the tree belt cannot succeed without water-conservation. The water table on the high prairies must be raised. Countless small ponds and lakes must be created on the uplands. We will have to retard the flow of river waters.

## Building Better Boyhood

[Continued from page 29]

can be extended throughout the city wherever needed.

This work has many facets. For one thing, the boys are underprivileged. Yet they, as well as the better-born, are surely entitled to their chance. The clubs contribute a little toward giving it to them.

For another thing, the clubs are an attack on crime and social maladjustment at its very source. From the annual report of the Police Department of the City of New York I take the following:

There is on the part of police officials a growing appreciation of the need for reaching offenders early and a realization that if crime is to be effectively and permanently prevented, the roots of juvenile delinquency must be found and dug out. This calls for planning and genuine cooperation on the part of every group interested in conduct, education, civic and economic conditions, and health.

*These three Boy Scouts come from a fine troop at a school for the deaf and mute in Omaha, Nebraska. For a number of years Rotarians have encouraged this troop, paid their dues, and once each year have given them royal entertainment starting with a special luncheon and ending with motion pictures.*



The task, however, is more than the federal government can do alone. Since it must necessarily involve the time and money and thought of millions of persons in private projects on farms, waste lands, cut-over timberlands, as well as the co-operation of thousands of municipalities, it is high time that the basic essentials of the situation be studied and understood by leaders of community opinion. Without widespread individual action, the larger program cannot succeed.

And it is high time that we check the Crime of Muddy River.

Criminals are made, not born. They are made in the leisure hours of boys who have nothing to do but learn the ways of evil. Such clubs as these can help them to use their leisure learning ways of social usefulness.

Lastly, and this is of special interest to Rotarians, the clubs are a wonderful way to serve. Some night at a meeting, a scrap of a boy, undernourished and badly clothed, who has never known a playground other than the street, sidles up to you. For no apparent reason, he stretches out a timid paw and takes your hand. He wants nothing . . . nothing but sympathy and understanding. For these, he is starved.

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# Helps for the Club Program Maker

## THIRD WEEK (AUGUST)—What's Missing from this Community (Club Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

- Back and Happy.** (Editorial). April, 1934.  
**In, Out, and In Again.** By a Past Rotary District Governor. Apr., 1934.  
**Ankle-Deep Isn't Enough.** Dwight Marvin. Mar., 1934.

Pamphlets and Papers—

- No. 334—**What Is Missing From Our Cross Section of this Community** (Program Outline), gratis; No. 17. **Membership in Rotary**, gratis. From the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 E. Wacker Drive.

## FOURTH WEEK (AUGUST)—Value of Character Building Institutions to Our Community (Community Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

- Boy Scouting Has a Birthday.** Dan Beard, as told to S. J. Woolf. This issue, page 20.  
**Building Better Boyhood.** Angus Mitchell. This issue, page 27.  
**Ahoy There, Sailor!** George Bergstrom. July, 1935.  
**Rotary Backwards.** (Yrator Clubs—an editorial) Nov., 1934.  
**Give the Boy a Horn!** Earl Chapin May. Dec., 1934.  
**Character Training for Youth.** John Dewey. Sept., 1934.  
**Japan's First Rotary Camp.** Soichi Saito. June, 1934.  
**Smart to Be Dirty?** (clean movies and literature) Channing Pollock. Dec., 1934.

Other Magazines—

- Education and Our Society.** A debate between Dr. John Dewey and Dr. Tyler Dennett. *Forum*, June, 1935.  
**Children of the Shadows.** Paul de Kruif. *Ladies Home Journal*, Mar., 1935.  
**Street Games Check Crime.** Hudson Guild Roller-Skate League. *Literary Digest*, Jan. 26, 1935.  
**Example of Coördinated Community Effort in Meeting the Problems of Maladjusted Youth.** Berkeley Coördinating Council. *Elementary School Journal*, Feb., 1935.  
**Recommended Children's Books.** *Library Journal*, issues of Apr. 1, and May 1, 1935.  
**Boys at the Turning Point.** Experiment by the Philadelphia Juvenile Court. *Survey Graphic*, Apr., 1935.

Pamphlets and Papers—

- 686—**D—Value of Character Building Institutions to our Community.** (Program Outline) From the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive.

## SECOND WEEK (SEPTEMBER)—Single Standard for Private and Business Relations (Vocational Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

- Weeds That Stifle Progress.** Syd. J. Harbutt. This issue, page 5.  
**Our Evolving Business Ethics.** F. G. Lankard. Dec., 1934.  
**Post Depression Progress in Business Ethics.** John T. Flynn. Jan., 1935.  
**Re-forming Business Lines.** Edward A. Filene. Dec., 1933.  
**Can We Reduce Drudgery?** M. B. Gerbel. Apr., 1935.

*These references have been selected to save the time of program speakers. Specific outlines for programs suggested in Pamphlet 251 (listed here by weeks) can be obtained on request from the Secretariat of Rotary International.*

Other Magazines—

- Economic Morality for the New Age.** Bernard Iddings Bell. *Scribner's*, Nov., 1934.  
**Private Business and Public Opinion.** A. A. Berle, Jr. *Scribner's*, Feb., 1934.  
**Success at Last.** H. Stephen. *Scribner's*, Dec., 1934.  
**A Confession of Faith.** Will Payne. *Saturday Evening Post*, May 18, 1935.

Pamphlets and Papers—

- Pamphlet No. 32—**Bribery and Secret Commissions**, gratis; Pamphlet No. 3 B and Supplement, **Vocational Service**, gratis; Pamphlet No. 33—**Codes of Standards of Correct Practice**, gratis; Paper No. 586—**Single Standards for Private and Business Relations** (program outline with reference material). From the Secretariat of Rotary International.

## THIRD WEEK (SEPTEMBER)—Training Youth for Citizenship (Community Service)

Other Magazines—

- Thirty Million New Americans.** L. Adamic. *Harper's*, Nov., 1934.  
**Toward a Better America** (commencement program arranged as a court trial). *National Education Association Journal*, Nov., 1934.  
**Colorado High-school Students as a Model House of Representatives.** L. G. Harvey. *School and Society*, Nov. 3, 1934.

## Additional Suggestions for Club Programs

### ADVENTURES IN FRIENDSHIP (International Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

- I Like Americans.** Thomas Burke. This issue, page 6.  
**Old Rome's Three Daughters.** Salvador de Madariaga. June, 1935.  
**Let's Mobilize Friendship.** John Nelson. Feb., 1935.  
**Travelling with Your Head.** Hendrik Willem Van Loon. May, 1935.

### SATISFYING COMMUNITY NEEDS (Community Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

- Is Your Town a Success?** Earnest Elmo Calkins. This issue, page 10.  
**Give Your Town a Personality!** Earnest Elmo Calkins. Mar., 1935.  
**Green Spaces in German Cities.** Edward J. Meeman. Dec., 1935.  
**Time to Take Stock.** (Editorial.) Aug., 1934.  
**What Rotary Means to Estevan.** Don Dunbar. This issue, page 42.  
**What Rotary Means to Moscow, Idaho.** Burton L. French. July, 1935.  
**What Rotary Means to My Town.** R. A. Baldwin. June, 1935.

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- Making a Beauty Survey of Your Town.** E. W. Watson. *Scholastic Magazine*, Mar. 16, 1935.

### High School Pupils Study Their Community. A. P. Gossard. *School Review*, Apr., 1935.

### How to Make a Leisure Time Survey of Your Town. *Scholastic*, Oct. 27, 1934.

Books—

- Outline of Town and City Planning.** Thomas Adams. Russell Sage Foundation, N. Y., \$3.00.  
**Leadership in Group Work.** Henry M. Busch. Association Press, N. Y., \$2.25.

Pamphlets and Papers—

- Paper 636-B—**Satisfying Community Needs**, gratis; Pamphlet No. 3-C—**Community Service**, gratis; Pamphlet No. 16—**Community Service Activities**, gratis. From the Secretariat of Rotary International.

## THE EVERLASTING WOMAN QUESTION.

From THE ROTARIAN—

- The Everlasting Woman Question.** Stephen Leacock. This issue, page 13.  
**These Men!** Nina Wilcox Putnam. This issue, page 15.

Other Magazines—

- London Clubs Mirror a Changing Order.** Clair Price. *New York Times Magazine*, Apr. 28, 1935.  
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**A Man About the House.** Mary Borden. *Reader's Digest*, Jan., 1935.

## GOLF—ITS JOYS AND TRIBULATIONS (Leisure Time)

From THE ROTARIAN—

- Hit with Your Hands.** Gene Sarazen. This issue, page 17.  
**Golf, Royal and Ancient.** W. G. Tucker. June, 1935.  
**Putting Begins at Home.** F. Ouimet. Aug., 1934.

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- Putt and Take.** Q. Reynolds. *Collier's*, May 18, 1935.  
**Is Golf Justifiable?** H. I. Phillips. *Saturday Evening Post*, June 23, 1934.  
**Isn't Golf Funny?** H. H. Roxborough. *Canadian Magazine*, July, 1934.  
**Two Ways to Play Golf.** P. Gallico. *American Magazine*, July, 1934.  
**Who's Got Rhythm?** Quentin Reynolds. *Collier's*, July 28, 1934.

## FLOOD CONTROL (Community Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

- The Crime of Muddy River.** Elmer T. Peterson. This issue, page 24.

Other Magazines—

- Old Man River.** *Reader's Digest*, May, 1934.  
**America's Desolate Acres.** Wayne Gard. *Current History*, June, 1935.  
**20 Years of Grace to Save the Land.** *Survey Graphic*, June, 1935.  
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**Soil Erosion Control; New Soil Erosion Unit in the Dept. of Agriculture.** *Science News*, Apr. 5, 1935.

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**All Washed Up.** O. P. White. *Collier's*, Nov. 23, 1934.

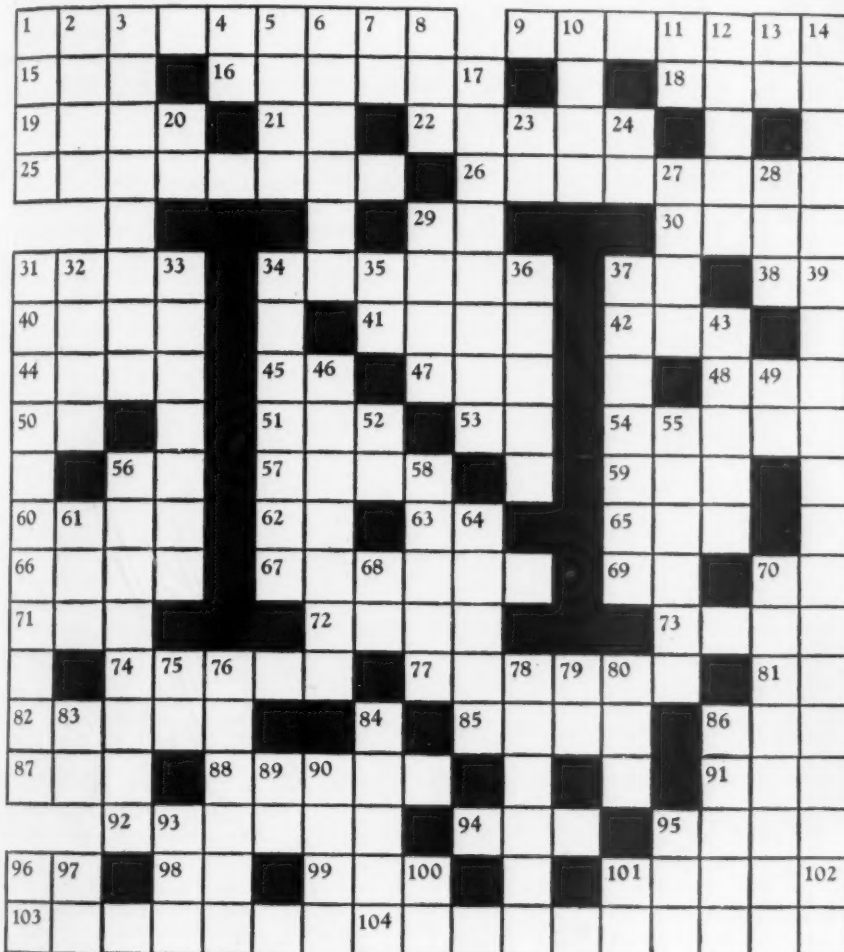
#### Pamphlets—

**All Washed Up.** Owen P. White (reprinted from *Collier's*). United States Soil Erosion Service. Department of Interior, Washington, D. C.

**Tragic Truth About Erosion.** Forest Preserve Assn., New York City.

**Using Our Abandoned Farms.** Indiana State Division of Forestry, Indianapolis, Ind.

## This Month's Rotary Crossword Puzzle



#### HORIZONTAL

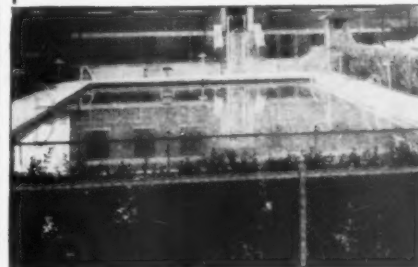
- 1 Phase of Rotary service  
9 First Rotary Club  
15 Poetic: to uncloze  
16 Without warning  
18 Persian poet  
19 Wall border  
21 Possessive pronoun  
22 To plague  
25 Fitted for  
26 Author of a July article  
29 Italian article  
30 Part of "to be"  
31 Pronoun  
34 Stage sentences apart  
37 Jumbled type  
40 Ephesians (abbr.)  
41 To sharpen  
42 Part of body  
44 Railroads (abbr.)  
45 Always  
47 Devoured  
48 Feminine pronoun  
50 Second note of scale  
51 Animal collection  
53 Symbol for silicon  
54 Transparent substance  
56 Sloth  
57 Man's name  
59 Land measure
- 60 Soapstone  
62 Symbol for nickel  
63 To exist  
65 Hail! (Italian)  
66 Competent  
67 Companionable  
69 Pronoun  
70 Sixth note of scale  
71 Fish eggs  
72 Insect eggs  
73 Lively dance  
74 Wedge-shaped pieces in garments  
77 Parts of flowers  
81 Two in Roman numerals  
82 Solitary  
85 Location  
86 Established (abbr.)  
87 Correlative of neither  
88 Guide  
91 To purchase  
92 A junior service club  
94 Snow runner  
95 Because  
96 Exclamation  
98 While  
99 Foot  
101 Flogged  
103 National League baseball club  
104 Thinner physically

#### VERTICAL

- 1 Standard of practice  
2 Gem  
3 Curative substance  
4 Plural pronoun  
5 Devoid of feeling  
6 Short poems  
7 Third degree (abbr.)  
8 Still  
10 Stockings  
11 Company (abbr.)  
12 Fossilized resin  
13 Southern state (abbr.)  
14 Spoken  
17 Ignores  
20 King of Bashan  
23 Arabic (abbr.)  
24 Half an em  
27 Pretty  
28 Confederate general  
29 A thought  
31 Rotary's official magazine  
32 Threw  
33 Fundamental Rotary principle  
34 Mythical female warriors  
35 Within  
36 Roll of yarn  
37 Necessary for Rotary meetings  
39 Individuality  
43 To screen from light
- 46 Ideas  
49 Plural ending  
52 Old Testament (abbr.)  
55 Adorers  
56 Parable  
58 Death notices  
61 City in Finland  
64 Alleviates  
68 One hundred one in Roman  
70 Present day objective  
75 Upon  
76 Banquet  
78 Author of series of ROTARIAN articles  
79 By  
80 Meadow  
83 Behold!  
84 Ethical  
86 Black wood  
89 Pronoun  
90 To cut short  
93 Hurried on foot  
95 Fourth note of scale  
96 Symbol for argentine  
97 Exclamation  
100 Plural pronoun  
101 Creditors (abbr.)  
102 To perform

[Solution to this puzzle on page 51]

## YOUR ROTARY CLUB Can Do a Real Job!



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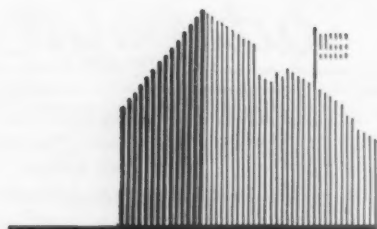
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Photos: (second) Wide World; (center) Loving; (second from right) Margaret Bourke White.

Left to right: Earnest Elmo Calkins, Thomas Burke, Elmer T. Peterson, S. J. Woolf, Angus S. Mitchell, Sydney J. Harbutt.



## Chats on Contributors

**THOMAS BURKE**, *I Like Americans*, started life at the base of the social pyramid. An orphan boy, he was found living in want but in happiness in a polyglot district of London and was hurried off to an asylum where he spent "four years of unspeakable humiliation, oppression, and spiritual mortification." Finally free, he discovered literature, began writing, and sold his first story at sixteen. He has been bookseller, literary agent, civil servant, and professional reviewer. Novelist, essayist, poet, Burke's many works include, *Limehouse Nights*, *The Sun in Splendour*, and *The Flowers of Life*. His unrealized ambition—to become an orchestral violinist.

**Stephen Leacock**, *The Everlasting Woman Question*, is head of the department of political economy at McGill University, Montreal, Canada, has written much on economics, considerable about literature, and a number of volumes of scintillating humor. This is his third appearance in *THE ROTARIAN*. *Charles Dickens*, a biography, and *Humor*, a sometimes serious study of humor, are among his latest books. . . . **Nina Wilcox**

Photos: Hermine Turner; Acme.



Nina Wilcox Putnam  
and Stephen Leacock.

Putnam, who returns Mr. Leacock's good-natured thrusts with some friendly nose-tweaking in *These Men!*, has been writing and publishing stories and verse since she was eleven. A score of novels, countless magazine contributions, and a newspaper syndicate series stand out in her record. One of her recent books is *Laughing Through*. She is a member of the Authors' League of America, of the Poetry Society of America, and makes her home alternately in Florida and California.

**Elmer T. Peterson**, *The Crime of Muddy River*, is editor of *Better Homes and Gardens*, is a frequent contributor to *THE ROTARIAN*, and is an active member of the Rotary Club of Des Moines, Iowa. . . . Portraits and biographical sketches by **S. J. Woolf**, *Boy Scouting Has a Birthday*, appear regularly in leading publications. The artist-author is a native New Yorker, and studied at the National Academy of Design and the Art Students' League. His is not a new

name to readers of *THE ROTARIAN*. *Drawn From Life* is the title of his most recent book, a group of sketches of famous men he has met during his career.

**Earnest Elmo Calkins**, *Is Your Town a Success?*, long-time dean of advertising men in the United States, now spends most of his time in writing. Deafness has not robbed him of his deep interest in living. "I have never heard the radio, cannot drive a car, never go to the theater, and otherwise live a curious life, but nevertheless have never lost the zest of living," he says of himself in his book, *Louder Please, Autobiography of a Deaf Man*. He is also the author of *Business the Civilizer* and many popular articles in *THE ROTARIAN* and other magazines.

**Gene Sarazen**, *Hit With Your Hands*, a leading professional golfer in the United States, holds the following titles: Present Masters' Champion, Former British Open Champion, Former American Open Champion, and Former Professional Golfers' Association Champion. . . . **Angus Mitchell**, *Building Better Boyhood*, governor of the Sixty-fifth District of Rotary International in 1934-35, is a grain and mercantile broker in Melbourne, Australia. He is actively interested in the Boy Scout movement in Victoria and is a member of the State Executive Council of the Boy Scouts Association. . . . **Syd. J. Harbutt**, *Weeds That Stifle Progress*, is a broom and brush manufacturer in Auckland, New Zealand, where he is a member of the Rotary Club. . . . **Don Dunbar**, *What Rotary Means to Estevan*, is editor of the *Estevan* (Saskatchewan, Canada) *Mercury*. His article won third prize in an international contest sponsored by *THE ROTARIAN*.

**Walter B. Pitkin**, *Mines, Oil Burners, Insurance*, is, as regular readers of *THE ROTARIAN* already know, a man of many interests. Psychologist, economist, journalist, theologian, and farmer, he writes with broad perspective. In this issue the Columbia University professor continues his series of articles on new careers for youth. . . . **Strickland Gillilan**, *Living Simply*, was responsible for the popular saying of 1900, "Off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnigin," a line from one of his books. From Ohio State University Author Gillilan went to newspapers, then to magazines, with the lecture platform claiming a goodly share of his time all along. . . . **Dr. Guido Calza**, *Uncovering Ancient Ostia*, is professor of archeology at the University of Rome and director of excavations at Ostia. A Roman pillar 2,000 years old, unearthed at the ancient seaport, was placed in the Century of Progress grounds in Chicago in 1934 as a gift from Italy to the United States in commemoration of the trans-Atlantic flight of General Balbo. Dr. Calza made the presentation.

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## Vanishing Ducks

**THEY** are disappearing... and what's to be done about it? Should all hunting be stopped? The bag limit be lowered? Live decoys be outlawed? ... These and other aspects will be discussed in the debate-of-the-month for October.

## Julian Huxley on 'Science and You'

**A** THOUGHT-DEVELOPING message from one of England's foremost scientists... in which he asserts that science lags in applying its resources to human needs. ... It's a *different* approach to the problem of practical service for humanity.

## 'The Path to Glory' By 'Red' Grange

**A** FRANK discussion of "how important is football" by the most famous player the sport has developed in America. ... You'll be especially interested in his comment on professional athletics and its opportunities.

**Watch  
for  
Your October  
ROTARIAN**

# Our Readers' Open Forum

*Letters are invited from readers offering comments upon articles, or setting forth new viewpoints on Rotary problems. They should be as brief as possible.*

### 'Good Natured Satire'

... in my opinion, *These Men!* Nina Wilcox Putnam's answer to Stephen Leacock's *The Everlasting Woman Question*, in the August ROTARIAN, is the cleverest bit of good natured satire it has ever been my pleasure to read.

BOB MASON, *Rotarian*  
Mason Typewriter Exchange

Hornell, N. Y.

### 'No One More Fit'

In my opinion you could have selected no one more fit to write a series of articles on guidance than Mr. Walter B. Pitkin. I enjoyed reading his last article and shall call it to the group's attention this evening.

C. R. STONE, *Rotarian*  
Supt., Munhall School District

Munhall, Pa.

### 'Silver Platters' for Youth?

Having just finished reading the article by Malcolm Thomas-Peter in your August ROTARIAN, my reactions are boiling up within me until I must try to put them down in words for my own relief, at least.

What does the youth of today want? A broad highway of life, smooth cement, and an eight cylinder car? I don't ask that for my sons, and I have two of them.

My husband has worked hard for thirty years for a living and gracious surroundings for himself and family. We have been willing to do without—even yet we have no radio—and go in debt to give our boys all the education for which they are willing to work.

A few years ago the sons of our friends were stepping out of college into positions at \$100 or more per week, buying cars and tearing around the country side. The girls must have Spode China, sterling silver, and all that goes with them before they were willing to start a home—and many of those who got it were wishing to obtain a divorce in order to acquire another husband and more luxuries.

Then came the crash, while our elder boy was still in college. People said, "Where will our young people find positions?"

I thought and said "I'd rather my boys grew up during a depression when they have to work hard to overcome difficulties than when positions requiring half a day in an office and the rest on golf links, were being handed them on silver platters."

College over, the elder stood in line with hundreds of others willing to take a laborer's job when engineers seemed over plentiful. He carried cement bags on bridge foundation work, took a night watchman's job on equipment anchored in mid-river, lifted heavy timbers—never complaining and tickled pink to be earning his own room and food.

An engineer, knowing him for a graduate, asked him if he'd like to "take the air" and go down in a caisson. Would he, *just!* Anything for experience. Below zero weather, helping to put steel across a wide river with the full sweep of wind and sometimes ice on the girders—brought never a complaint. Reward? Bossing a gang on cement work in the spring till paving was finished.

That experience is something no one can ever

take away from him. That is *his* bridge, from foundations to the last square foot of paving, and across the continent his cheerful weekly letters give his small salaried parents more thrill than any one ever got out of making a fortune in the stock market.

That was one year out of a great Eastern University and it is now two years and I could go further and tell how he has since gone down in caissons as building engineer, but that is neither here nor there. To his parents, he was as much a success a year ago as a laborer.

This is not an outstanding case. I meet women often whose stories of the success their boys are making put mine to shame.

Do you wonder I was cross when a fine looking young man came to my door with a subscription list for the striking relief campers? I never turned a boy away asking for work or a meal, but I said to him, "What about work? The hop yards in this district are advertising for workers." He replied, "But what'll we do in the Fall?"

Now there you have it, instead of picking up an ax and making a trail they'll take a pride in, youth today is asking to be assured of a broad paved highway stretching for miles ahead.

A CANADIAN MOTHER

### Mexican Bouquet

We are moved to writing this letter with no other intention than that of expressing the joy which we all feel in this club for... REVISTA ROTARIA (Spanish edition of THE ROTARIAN), that publication written in such pure Spanish. In our opinion, and no doubt in that of all the peoples of our language, it is a source of great satisfaction to its editors and must surely be likewise to Rotary International, inasmuch as it is a marked triumph to succeed in editing such a correct publication in a country of a language different from ours.

ROTARY CLUB TAMPICO, MEXICO  
Tampico, Mexico.

### Who Is It?

Here is a picture I snapped at the Mexico City convention of the young lady who was passing out programs.



While I was looking down at the finder on my Kodak, a Rotarian appeared from somewhere—and here he is beside the senorita. Now then, I would like to find out who he is so that I can send him a print—also one to his mother-in-law. Won't somebody help me in this matter?

H. S. WILBUR, *Rotarian*  
Vice President, Southwestern National Bank  
Canadian, Tex.

### "... Fanciful Exaggeration ..."

I am astonished at THE ROTARIAN publishing an article exploiting such unethical principles and false conclusions as "The Fable of the Two Cars" by André Maurois in the July number. If the fable is typical of France, which I doubt, it is certainly not so for this continent, thank goodness. But I suspect that the eminent biographer does not know what he is talking about and is merely romancing [Continued on page 48]